

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## PACIFIC ROVINGS.\*

We were much puzzled, a few weeks since, by a tantalizing and unintelligible paragraph, pertinaciously reiterated in the London newspapers. Its brevity equalled its mystery; it consisted but of five words, the first and last in imposing majuscules. Thus it ran:—

"OMOO, by the author of TYPEE."

With Trinculo we exclaimed, "What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive?" Who or what were Typee and Omoo? Were things or creatures thus designated? Did they exist on the earth, or in the air, or in the waters under the earth? Were they spiritual or material, vegetable or mineral, brute or human? Were they newly-discovered planets, nicknamed whilst awaiting baptism, or strange fossils, contemporaries of the Megatherium, or Magyar dissyllables from Dr. Bowring's vocabulary? Perchance they were a pair of new singers for the Garden, or a fresh brace of beasts for the legitimate drama at Drury. Omoo might be the heavy elephant; Typee the light comedy camel. Did danger lurk in the enigmatical words? Were they obscure intimations of treasonable designs, swing advertisements, or masonic signs? Was the palace at Westminster in peril? had an agent of Barbarossa Joinville undermined the Trafalgar column? Were they conspirators' watchwords, lovers' letters, signals concerted between the robbers of Rogers' bank? We tried them anagrammatically, but in vain; there was nought to be made of Omoo; shake it as we would, the O's came uppermost; and by reversing Typee we obtained but a pitiful result. At last a bright gleam broke through the mist of conjecture. Omoo was a book. The outlandish title that had perplexed us was intended to perplex; it was a bait thrown out to that wide-mouthed fish, the public; a specimen of what is theatrically styled *gag*. Having but an indifferent opinion of books ushered into existence by such charlatanical manœuvres, we thought no more of Omoo, until, musing the other day over our matutinal hyson, the volume itself was laid before us, and we suddenly found ourselves in the entertaining society of Marquesan Melville, the phoenix of modern voyagers, sprung, it would seem, from the mingled ashes of Captain Cook and Robin Crusoe.

Those who have read Mr. Herman Melville's former work will remember—those who have not are informed by the introduction to the present one—that the author, an educated American, whom circumstances had shipped as a common sailor on board a South-Seaman, was left by his vessel on the island of Nukuhiva, one of the Marquesan group. Here he remained some months, until taken off by a Sydney whaler, short-handed, and glad to catch him. At this point of his adventures he commences Omoo. The title is borrowed from the dialect of the Marquesas, and signifies a rover; the book is excellent,

quite first-rate, the "clear grit," as Mr. Melville's countrymen would say. Its chief fault, almost its only one, interferes little with the pleasure of reading it, will escape many, and is hardly worth insisting upon. Omoo is of the order composite, a skilfully concocted Robinsonade, where fictitious incident is ingeniously blended with genuine information. Doubtless its author has visited the countries he describes, but not in the capacity he states. He is no Munchausen; there is nothing improbable in his adventures, save their occurrence to himself, and that he should have been a man before the mast on board South-Sea traders, or whalers, or on any ship or ships whatever. His speech betrayeth him. His voyages and wanderings commenced, according to his own account, at least as far back as the year 1838; for aught we know they are not yet at an end. On leaving Tahiti, in 1843, he made sail for Japan, and the very book before us may have been scribbled on the greasy deck of a whaler, whilst floating amidst the coral reefs of the wide Pacific. True that in his preface, and in the month of January of the present year, Mr. Melville hails from New York; but in such matters we really place little dependence upon him. From his narrative we gather that this literary and gentlemanly common-sailor is quite a young man. His life, therefore, since he emerged from boyhood, has been spent in a ship's fore-castle, amongst the wildest and most ignorant class of mariners. Yet his tone is refined and well-bred; he writes like one accustomed to good European society, who has read books and collected stories of information, other than could be perused or gathered in the places and amongst the rude associates he describes. These inconsistencies are glaring, and can hardly be explained. A wild freak or unfortunate act of folly, or a boyish thirst for adventure, sometimes drives lads of education to try life before the mast, but when suited for better things they seldom persevere; and Mr. Melville does not seem to us the manner of man to rest long contented with the coarse company and humble lot of merchant seamen. Other discrepancies strike us in his book and character. The train of suspicion once lighted, the flame runs rapidly along. Our misgivings begin with the title-page. "Lovel or Belville," says the Laird of Monkbarns, "are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions." And Herman Melville sounds to us vastly like the harmonious and carefully selected appellation of an imaginary hero of romance. Separately the names are not uncommon; we can urge no valid reason against their junction, and yet in this instance they fall suspiciously on our ear. We are similarly impressed by the dedication. Of the existence of Uncle Gansevoort, of Gansevoort, Saratoga county, we are wholly incredulous. We shall commission our New York correspondents to inquire as to the reality of Mr. Melville's avuncular relative, and, until certified of his corporality, shall set down the gentleman with the Dutch patronymic as a member of an imaginary clan.

Although glad to escape from Nukuhiva, where he had been held in a sort of honorable captivity, Typee—the *alias* bestowed upon the rover by his new shipmates, after the valley whence they res-

\*Omoo; A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas. By HERMAN MELVILLE. London: 1847. Published in N. York by Harper & Brothers.

cued him—was but indifferently pleased with the vessel on which he left it, and whose articles he signed as a seaman for one cruise. The Julia was of a beautiful model, and on or before a wind she sailed like a witch; but that was all that could be said in her praise. She was rotten to the core, incommensurable, and ill-provided, badly manned, and worse commanded. American-built, she dated from the Short war, had served as a privateer, been taken by the British, passed through many vicissitudes, and was in no condition for a long cruise in the Pacific. So mouldering was her fabric, that the reckless sailors, when seated in the fore-castle, dug their knives into the dank boards between them and eternity as easily as into the moist sides of some old pollard oak. She was much dilapidated and rapidly becoming more so; for Black Baltimore, the ship's cook, when in want of firewood, did not scruple to hack splinters from the bits and beams. Lugubrious indeed was the aspect of the fore-castle. Landsmen, whose ideas of a sailor's sleeping-place are taken from the snow-white hammocks and exquisitely clean birth-deck of a man of war, or from the rough, but substantial comfort of a well-appointed merchantman, can form no conception of the surpassing and countless abominations of a South-Sea whaler. The "Little Jule," as her crew affectionately styled her, was a craft of two hundred tons or thereabouts; she had sailed with thirty-two hands, whom desertion had reduced to twenty, but these were too many for the cramped and putrid nook in which they slept, ate, and smoked, and alternately desponded or were jovial, as sickness and discomfort, or a Saturday night's bottle and hopes of better luck, got the upper hand. Want of room, however, was one of the least grievances of which the Julia's crew complained. It was a mere trifle, not worth the naming. They could have submitted to close stowage, had the dunnage been decent. But instead of swinging in cosy hammocks, they slept in *bunks* or wretched pigeon-holes, on fragments of sails, unclean rags, blanket-shreds, and the like. Such unenviable accommodations ought hardly to have been disputed with their luckless possessors, who nevertheless were not allowed to occupy in peace their broken-down bunks and scanty bedding. Two races of creatures, time out of mind the curse of old ships in warm latitudes, infested the Julia's fore-castle, resisting all efforts to dislodge or exterminate them, sometimes even getting the upper hand, dispossessing the tortured mariners, and driving them on deck in terror and despair. The sick only, hapless martyrs, unable to leave their cribs, lay passive, if not resigned, and were trampled under foot by their ferocious and unfragrant foes. These were rats and cockroaches. Typee—we use the name he bore during his Julian tribulations—records a singular phenomenon in the nocturnal habits of the last-named vermin. "Every night they had a jubilee. The first symptom was an unusual clustering and humming amongst the swarms lining the beams overhead, and the inside of the sleeping-places. This was succeeded by a prodigious coming and going on the part of those living out of sight. Presently they all came forth; the larger sort racing over the chests and planks; winged monsters darting to and fro in the air; and the small fry buzzing in heaps almost in a state of fusion. On the first alarm, all who were able darted on deck; while some of the sick, who were too feeble, lay perfectly quiet, the distracted vermin running over them at pleasure. The performance lasted some ten minutes." Persons there are, weak

enough to view with loathing and aversion certain sable insects that stray at night in kitchen or in pantry, and barbarous enough to circumvent and destroy the odoriferous coleoptera by artful devices of glass traps and scarlet wafers. Such persons will probably form their ideas of Typee's cockroaches from their own domestic opportunities of observation. That were unjust to the crew of the Julia, and would give no adequate idea of their sufferings. As a purring tabby to a roaring jaguar, so is a British black-beetle to a cockroach of the Southern Seas. We back our assertion by a quotation from our lamented friend Captain Cringle, who in his especially graphic and attractive style thus hits off the peculiarities of this graceful insect. "When full grown," saith Thomas, "it is a large dingy brown-colored beetle, about two inches long, with six legs, and two feelers as long as its body. It has a strong anti-hysterical flavor, something between rotten cheese and assafœtida, and seldom stirs abroad when the sun is up, but lies concealed in the most obscure and obscure crevices it can creep into; so that, when it is seen, its wings and body are thickly covered with dust and dirt of various shades, which any culprit who chanceth to fall asleep with his mouth open, is sure to reap the benefit of, as it has a great propensity to walk into it, partly for the sake of the crumbs adhering to the masticators, and also, apparently, with a scientific desire to inspect, by accurate admeasurement with the aforesaid antennæ, the state and condition of the whole potato-trap." A description worthy of Buffon. Such were the delicate monsters, the savory sexipedes, with whom Typee and his comrades had to wage incessant war. They were worse even than the rats, which were certainly bad enough. "Tame as Trenck's mouse, they stood in their holes, peering at you like old grandfathers in a doorway;" watching for their prey, and disputing with the sailors the weevil-biscuit, rancid pork, and horse-beef, composing the Julia's stores; or smothering themselves, the luscious vermin, in molasses, which thereby acquired a rich woodcock flavor, whose cause became manifest when the treacle-jar ran low, greatly to the disgust and consternation of the biped consumers. There were no delicate feeders on board, but this saccharine essence of rat was too much even for the unscrupulous stomachs of South-Sea whalers.

A queer set they were on board that Sydney barque. Paper Jack, the captain, was a feeble cockney, of meek spirit and puny frame, who glided about the vessel in a nankeen jacket and canvass pumps, a laughing-stock to his crew. The real command devolved upon the chief mate, John Jermin—a good sailor and brave fellow, but violent, and given to drink. The junior mate had deserted; of the four harpooners only one was left, a fierce barbarian of a New Zealander—an excellent mariner, whose stock of English was limited to nautical phrases and a frightful power of oath, but who, in spite of his cannibal origin, ranked as a sort of officer, in virtue of his harpoon, and took command of the ship when mate and captain were absent. What a capital story, by the bye, Typee tells us of one of this Bembo's whaling exploits! New Zealanders are brave and bloodthirsty, and excellent harpooners, and they act up to the South-Seaman's war-cry, "A dead whale or a stove boat!" There is a world of wild romance and thrilling adventure in the occasional glimpses of the whale fishery afforded us in Omoo; a strange picturesqueness and piratical mystery about the lawless class of seamen

engaged in it. Such a portrait gallery as Typee makes out of the Julia's crew, beginning with Chips and Bung, the carpenter and cooper, the "Cods," or leaders of the fore-castle, and descending until he arrives at poor Rope Yarn, or Ropey, as he was called, a stunted journeyman baker from Holborn, the most helpless and forlorn of all land-lubbers, the butt and drudge of the ship's company! A Dane, a Portuguese, a Finlander, a savage from Hivahoo, sundry English, Irish, and Americans, a daring Yankee *beach-comber*, called Salem, and Sydney Ben, a runaway ticket-of-leave-man, made up a crew much too weak to do any good in the whaling way. But the best fellow on board, and by far the most remarkable, was a disciple of Esculapius, known as Doctor Long-Ghost. Jermin is a good portrait; so is Captain Guy; but Long-Ghost is a jewel of a boy, a complete original, hit off with uncommon felicity. Nothing is told us of his early life. Typee takes him up on board the Julia, shakes hands with him in the last page of the book, and informs us that he has never since seen or heard of him. So we become acquainted with but a small section of the doctor's life; his subsequent adventures are unknown, and, save a chance hint or two, his previous career is a mystery, unfathomable as the Tahitian coast, where, within a biscuit's toss of the coral shore, soundings there are none. Now and then he would obscurely refer to days more palmy and prosperous than those spent on board the Julia. But, however great the contrast between his former fortunes and his then lowly position, he exhibited much calm philosophy and cheerful resignation. He was even merry and facetious, a practical wag of the very first order, and as such a great favorite with the whole ship's company, the captain excepted. He had arrived at Sydney in an emigrant ship, had expended his resources, and entered as doctor on board the Julia. All British whalers are bound to carry a medico, who is treated as a gentleman, so long as he behaves as such, and has nothing to do but to drug the men and play drafts with the captain. At first Long-Ghost and Captain Guy hit it off very well; until, in an unlucky hour, a dispute about politics destroyed their harmonious association. The captain got a thrashing; the mutinous doctor was put in confinement and on bread and water, ran away from the ship, was pursued, captured, and again imprisoned. Released at last, he resigned his office, refused to do duty, and went forward amongst the men. This was more magnanimous than wise. Long-Ghost was a sort of medical Tom Coffin, a raw-boned giant, upwards of two yards high, one of those men to whom the between-decks of a small craft is a residence little less afflicting than one of Cardinal Balue's iron cages. And to one who "had certainly, at some time or other, spent money, drunk Burgundy, and associated with gentlemen," the Julia's fore-castle must have contained a host of disagreeables, irrespective of rats and cockroaches, of its low roof, evil odors, damp timbers, and dungeon-like aspect. The captain's table, if less luxurious than that of a royal yacht or New York liner, surely offered something better than the biscuits, hard as gun-flints and thoroughly honeycombed, and the shot-soup, "great round peas polishing themselves like pebbles by rolling about in tepid water," on which the restive man of medicine was fain to exercise his grinders during his abode forward. As regarded society, he lost little by relinquishing that of Guy Cockney, since he obtained in exchange the intimacy of Melville the Yankee,

who, to judge from his book, must be exceeding good company, and to whom he was a great resource. The doctor was a man of learning and accomplishments, who had made the most of his time whilst the sun shone on his side the hedge, and had rolled his ungainly carcass over half the world. "He quoted Virgil, and talked of Hobbes of Malmesbury, besides repeating poetry by the canto, especially Hudibras. In the easiest way imaginable, he could refer to an amour he had in Palermo, his lion-hunting before breakfast among the Caffres, and the quality of the coffee to be drunk in Muscat." Strangely must such reminiscences have sounded in a whaler's fore-castle, with Dunks the Dane, Finland Van, and Wymontoo the savage, for auditors.

The Julia had hitherto had little luck in her cruise, and could scarcely hope for better in the state in which Typee found her. Besides the losses by desertion, her crew was weakened by disease. Several of the men lay sick in their berths, wholly unfit for duty. The captain himself was ill, and all would have derived benefit from a short sojourn in port; but this could not be thought of. The discipline of the ship was bad, and the sailors, desperate and unruly fellows, discontented, as well they might be, with their wretched provisions and uncomfortable state, were not to be trusted on or near shore. Three fourths of them, had they once set foot on dry land, would have absconded, taken refuge in the woods or amongst the savages, and have submitted to any amount of tattoo, paint, and nose-ringing, rather than return to the ship. Already, at St. Christina, one of the Marquesas, a large party had made their escape in two of the four whale-boats, scuttling the third, and cutting the tackles of the fourth nearly through, so that when Bembo jumped in to clear it away, man and boat went souse into the water. By the assistance of a French corvette, and by bribing the king of the country with a musket and ammunition, the fugitives were captured. But it was more than probable that they and others would renew the attempt should opportunity offer; so there was no alternative but to keep the sea, and hope for better days and for the convalescence of the invalids. Two of these died. Neither Bible nor prayer-book were on board the godless craft, and like dogs, without form of Christian burial, the dead were launched into the deep. The situation of the survivors inspired with considerable uneasiness the few amongst them capable of reflection. The captain was ignorant of navigation; it was the mate who, from the commencement of the voyage, had kept the ship's reckoning, and kept it all to himself. He had only to get washed overboard in a gale, or to walk over in a drunken fit, to leave his shipmates in a fix of the most unpleasant description, ignorant of latitude, longitude, and of everything else necessary to be known to guide the vessel on her course. And as to the sperm whales, which Jermin had promised them in such abundance that they would only have to strike and take, not a single fin showed itself. At last the captain was reported dying, and the mate took counsel with Long-Ghost, Typee, and others of the crew. He would gladly have continued the cruise, but his wish was overruled, and the whaler's stern was turned towards the Society Islands.

The first glimpse of the peaks of Tahiti was hailed with transport by the Julia's weary mariners. They had got a notion that if the captain left the ship, their articles were no longer binding, and they should be free to follow his example. And, at any rate, the sickness on board and the shaky condition



of the barque, guaranteed them, as they thought, long and blissful leisure amongst the waving palm-groves and soft-eyed Neuhas of Polynesia. Their arrival in sight of Papeete, the Tahitian capital, was welcomed by the boom of cannon. The frigate *Reine Blanche*, at whose fore flew the flag of Admiral Du Petit Thouars, thus celebrated the compulsory treaty, concluded that morning, by which the island was ceded to the French.

Captain Guy and his baggage were now set on shore, and it was soon apparent to his men that whilst he nursed himself in the pure climate and pleasant shades of Tahiti, they were to put to sea under the mate's orders, and after a certain time to touch again at the island, and take off their commander. The vessel was not even allowed to go into port, although needing repairs, and in fact unseaworthy; and as to healing the sick, selfish Paper Jack thought only of solacing his own infirmities. The fury of the ill-fed, reckless, discontented crew, on discovering the project of their superiors, passed all bounds. Chips and Bungs volunteered to head a mutiny, and a round-robin was drawn up and signed. But when Wilson, an old acquaintance of Guy's, and acting consul in the absence of Missionary Pritchard, came on board, the gallant cooper, who derived much of his courage from the grog-kid, was cowed and craven. The grievances brought forward, amongst others that of the *salt horse*, (a horse's hoof with the shoe on, so swore the cook, had been found in the pickle,) were treated as trifles and pooh-poohed by the functionary, "a minute gentleman with a viciously pugged nose, and a decidedly thin pair of legs." But if Bungs allowed himself to be brow-beaten, so did not his comrades. Yankee Salem flourished a bowie-knife, and such alarming demonstrations were made, that the *counsellor*, as the sailors persisted in calling the consul, thought it wise to beat a retreat. Jermin now tried his hand, holding out brilliant prospects of a rich cargo of sperm oil, and a pocket full of dollars for every man on his return to Sydney. The mutineers were proof alike against menace and blandishment, and, at the secret instigation of Long Ghost and Typee, resolutely refused to do duty. The consul, who had promised to return, did not show; and at last the mate, having now but a few invalids and landsmen to work the ship and keep her off shore, was compelled to enter the harbor. The *Julia* came to an anchor within cable's length of the French frigate, on board which Consul Wilson repaired to obtain assistance. The *Reine Blanche* was to sail in a few days for Valparaiso, and the mutineers expected to go with her and be delivered up to a British man-of-war. Undismayed by this prospect, they continued stanch in their contumacy, and presently an armed cutter, "painted a 'pirate black,' its crew a dark, grim-looking set, and the officers uncommonly fierce-looking little Frenchmen," conveyed them on board the frigate, where they were duly hand-cuffed, and secured by the ankle to a great iron bar bolted down to the berth-deck.

Touching the proceedings on board the French man-of-war, its imperfect discipline, and the strange, unnautical way of carrying on the duty, Typee is jocular and satirical. American though he be—and, but for occasional slight Yankeeisms in his style, we might have doubted even that fact—he has evidently much more sympathy with his cousin John Bull than with his country's old allies, the French, whom he freely admits to be a clever and

gallant nation, whilst he broadly hints that their valor is not likely to be displayed to advantage on the water. He finds too much of the military style about their marine institutions. Sailors should be fighting men, but not soldiers or musket-carriers, as they all are in turn in the French navy. He laughs at or objects to everything; the mustaches of the officers, the system of punishment, the sour wine that replaces rum and water, the soup instead of junk, the pitiful little rolls baked on board, and distributed in lieu of hard biscuit. And whilst praising the build of their ships—the only thing about them he does praise—he ejaculates a hope, which sounds like a doubt, that they will not some day fall into the hands of the people across the Channel. "In case of war," he says, "what a fluttering of French ensigns there would be! for the Frenchman makes but an indifferent seaman, and though for the most part he fights well enough, somehow or other, he seldom fights well enough to beat:"—at sea, be it understood. We are rather at a loss to comprehend the familiarity shown by Typee with the internal arrangements and architecture of the *Reine Blanche*. His time on board was passed in fetters; at nightfall on the fifth day he left the ship. How, we are curious to know, did he become acquainted with the minute details of "the crack craft in the French navy," with the disposition of her guns and decks, the complicated machinery by which certain exceedingly simple things were done, and even with the rich hangings, mirrors, and mahogany of the commodore's cabin! Surely the ragged and disreputable mutineer of the *Julia*, whose foot had scarcely touched the gangway, when he was hurried into confinement below, could have had scanty opportunity for such observations; unless, indeed, Herman Melville, or Typee, or the *Rover*, or by whatever other *alias* he be known, instead of creeping in at the hawse-holes, was welcomed on the quarter-deck and admitted to the gun-room, or to the commodore's cabin, an honored guest in broad-cloth, not a despised merchant seaman in canvass frock and hat of tarpaulin. We shall not dwell on these small inconsistencies and oversights in an amusing book. We prefer accompanying the *Julia's* crew to Tahiti, where they were put on shore contrary to their expectations, and not altogether to their satisfaction, since they had anticipated a rapid run to Valparaiso, the fag-end of a cruise in an English man-of-war, and a speedy discharge at Portsmouth. Paper Jack and Consul Wilson had other designs, and still hoped to reclaim them to their duty on board the crazy *Julia*. On their stubborn refusal, they were given in charge to a fat, good-humored old Tahitian, called Captain Bob, who, at the head of an escort of natives, conveyed them up the country to a sort of shed, known as the Calabooza Beretanee or English jail, used as a prison for refractory sailors. This commences Typee's shore-going adventures, not less pleasant and original than his sea-faring ones; although it is with some regret that we lose sight of the vermin-haunted barque, on whose board such strange and exciting scenes occurred.

Throughout the book, however, fun and incident abound, and we are consoled for our separation from poor little Jule, by the curious insight we obtain into the manners, morals, and condition of the gentle savages, on whom an attempted civilization has brought far more curses than blessings.

"How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,"

how gladsome and grateful the rustle of leaves and



tinkle of rills, and silver-toned voices of Tahitian maidens, to the rough seamen who had so long been "cabinéd, cribbed, confined," in the Julia's filthy fore-castle! Not that they were allowed free range of the Eden of the South Seas. On board the *Reine Blanche* their ankles had been manacled to an iron bar; in the calabooza, (from the Spanish *calabozo*, a dungeon,) they were placed in rude wooden stocks twenty feet long, constructed for the particular benefit of refractory mariners. There they lay, merry men all of a row, fed upon *taro* (Indian turnip) and bread-fruit, and covered up at night with one huge counterpane of brown *tappa*, the native cloth. It was owing to no friendly indulgence on the part of Guy and the consul, that their diet was so agreeable and salutary. Every morning Roney came grinning into the prison, with a bucket full of the old worm-eaten biscuit from the Julia. It was a huge treat to the unfortunate cockney, thus to be instrumental in the annoyance of his former persecutors; and lucky for him that their limbo'd legs prevented their rewarding his visible exultation otherwise than by a shower of maledictions. They swore to starve rather than consume the maggoty provender. Luckily the natives had it in very different estimation. They did not mind maggots, and held British biscuit to be a piquant and delicious delicacy. So in exchange for their allotted ration, the mutineers obtained a small quantity of vegetable food, and an unlimited supply of oranges; thanks to which refreshing regimen, the sick were speedily restored to health. And after a few days of stocks and submission, jolly old Captain Bob, who spoke sailor's English, and obstinately claimed intimacy with Captain Cook—whose visit to the island had occurred some years before his birth—relaxed his severity, and allowed the captives their freedom during the day. They profited of this permission to forage a little, in a quiet way; assisting at pig-killings, and dropping in at dinner-time upon the wealthier of their neighbors. Tahitian hospitality is boundless, and the more praiseworthy that the island, although so fertile, produces but a scanty amount of edibles. Bread-fruit is the chief resource; fish, a very important one, the chief dependence of many of the poorer natives. There is little industry amongst them, and on the spontaneous produce of the soil the shipping make heavy demands. Polynesian indolence is proverbial. Very light labor would enable the Tahitians to roll in riches, at least according to their own estimate of the value of money and of the luxuries it procures. The sugar-cane is indigenous to the island, and of remarkably fine quality; cotton is of ready growth; but the fine existing plantations "are owned and worked by whites, who would rather pay a drunken sailor eighteen or twenty Spanish dollars a month, than hire a sober native for his fish and *taro*." Wholly without energy the Tahitians saunter away their lives in a state of drowsy indolence, aiming only at the avoidance of trouble, and the sensual enjoyment of the moment. The race rapidly diminishes. "In 1777, Captain Cook estimated the population of Tahiti at about two hundred thousand. By a regular census taken some four or five years ago, it was found to be only nine thousand!" Diseases of various kinds, entirely of European introduction, and chiefly the result of drunkenness and debauchery, account for this frightful decrease, which must result in the extinction of the aborigines.

"The palm-tree shall grow,

The coral shall spread,  
But man shall cease."

So runs an old Tahitian prophecy, soon to be realized. And if Pomaree, who is under forty years of age, proves a long-lived sovereign, she may chance to find herself a queen without subjects. Concerning her majesty and her court, Typee is diffuse and diverting. This is an age of queens, and though her dominions be of the smallest, her people few and feeble, and her prerogative wofully clipped, she of Tahiti has made some noise in the world, and attracted a fair share of public attention. At one time, indeed, she was almost as much thought of and talked about as her more civilized and puissant European sisters. In France, *La Reine Pomaré*? was looked upon as a far more interesting personage than Spanish Isabel or Portuguese Maria; and extraordinary notions were formed as to the appearance, habits, and attributes of her dusky majesty. Distance favored delusion, and French imagination ran riot in conjecture, until the reports of the valiant Thouars, and his squadron of protection, dissipated the enchantment, and reduced Pomaree to her true character, that of a lazy, dirty, licentious, Polynesian savage, who walks about barefoot, drinks spirits, and hen-pecks her husband. Her real name is Aimata, but she assumed, on ascending the throne, the royal patronymic by which she is best known. There were Cæsars in Rome, there are Pomarees in Tahiti. The name was originally assumed by the great Otoo, (to be read of in Captain Cook,) who united the whole island under one crown. It descended to his son, and then to his grandson, who came to the throne an infant, and, dying young, was succeeded by her present majesty, Pomaree Vahineé I., the first female Pomaree. This lady has been twice married. Her first husband was a king's son, but the union was ill-assorted, a divorce obtained, and she took up with one Tanee, a chief from the neighboring island of Imeeo. She leads him a dog's life, and he consoles himself by getting drunk. In that state, he now and then violently breaks out, contemns the royal authority, thrashes his wife, and smashes the crockery. Captain Bob gave Typee an account of a burst of this sort, which occurred about seven years ago. Stimulated by the seditious advice of his boon companions, and under the influence of an unusually large dose of strong waters, the turbulent king-consort forgot the respect due to his wife and sovereign, mounted his horse, and ran full tilt at the royal cavalcade, out for their afternoon ride in the park. One maid of honor was floored, the rest fled in terror, save and except Pomaree, who stood her ground like a man, and apostrophized her insubordinate spouse in the choicest Tahitian billingsgate. For once her eloquence failed of effect. Dragged from her horse, her personal charms were deteriorated by a severe thumping on the face. This done Othello-Tanee attempted to strangle her, and was in a fair way to succeed, when her loving subjects came to her rescue. So heinous a crime could not be overlooked, and Tanee was banished to his native island; but after a short time he declared his penitence, made *amende honorable*, and was restored to favor. He does not very often venture to thwart the will of his royal wife, much less to raise his hand against her sacred person, but submits with exemplary patience to her caprices and abuse, and even to the manual admonitions she not unfrequently bestows upon him.

Upon the whole, life at the calabooza was not very disagreeable. The prisoners, now only nominally so, had little to complain of, except occasional short commons, arising not from unwillingness, but from disability, on the part of the kind-hearted natives, to satisfy the cravings of the hungry whalers, whose appetites were remarkable, especially that of lanky Doctor Long Ghost. The doctor was a stickler for quality as well as quantity; the memory of his claret and beccafico days still clung to him, like the scent of the roses to Tom Moore's broken gallipot; he was curious in condiments, and whilst devouring, grumbled at the unseasoned viands of Tahiti. Cayenne and Harvey abounded not in those latitudes, but pepper and salt were on board the Julia, and the doctor prevailed on Rope Yarn to bring him a supply. "This he placed in a small leather wallet, a monkey bag, (so called by sailors,) usually worn as a purse about the neck. 'In my poor opinion,' said Long Ghost, as he tucked the wallet out of sight, 'it behoves a stranger in Tahiti to have his knife in readiness, and his castor slung.' " And thus equipped, the doctor and his brethren in captivity rambled over the verdant slopes and through the cool groves of Tahiti, bathed in the mountain streams, and luxuriated in orange orchards, where "the trees formed a dense shade, spreading overhead a dark, rustling vault, groined with boughs, and studded here and there with the ripened spheres, like gilded balls." Then they had plenty of society; native visitors flocked to see them, and Doctor Johnson, a resident English physician, was constant in his attendance, knowing that the consul must pay his bill. Three French priests also called upon them, one of whom proved to be no Frenchman, but a portly, handsome, good-humored Irishman, well known and much disliked by the Polynesian Protestant missionaries. A strong attempt was made by Guy and Wilson to get the men to do duty. A schooner was about to sail for Sydney, and they were threatened to be sent thither for trial. They still refused to hand rope or break biscuit on board the Julia. Long Ghost made some cutting remarks on the captain; and the sailors, who had been taken down to the consul's office for examination, began to bully, and talked of carrying off consul and captain to bear them company in the calabooza. The same ill success attended subsequent attempts, until Captain Guy was compelled to look out for another crew, which he obtained with difficulty, and by a considerable advance of hard dollars. And at last, "It was Sunday in Tahiti, and a glorious morning, when Captain Bob, waddling into the calabooza, startled us by announcing, 'Ah, my boy—shippee you, harree—maky sail!' in other words, the Julia was off," and had taken her stores of old biscuit with her; so the next morning the inmates of the calabooza were without rations. The consul would supply none, and it was pretty evident that he rather desired the departure of the obstinate seamen from that part of the island. The whole of his proceedings with regard to them had served but to render him ridiculous, and he wished them out of his neighborhood; but the ex-prisoners found themselves pretty comfortable, and preferred remaining. They were better off than they had for some time been, for Jernin—not such a bad fellow, after all—had sent them their chests ashore; and these, besides supplying them with sundry necessities, gave them immense importance in Tahitian eyes. They had been kindly treated before, but now they were courted and flattered, like younger sons in

marching regiments, who suddenly step into the family acres. The natives crowded round them, eager to swear eternal friendship, according to an old Polynesian custom, once universal in the islands, but that has fallen into considerable disuse, except when something is to be gained by its observance. A gentleman of the name of Kooloo fixed his affections upon Typee—or rather upon his goods and chattels; for when he had wheedled him out of a regatta shirt, and other small pieces of finery, he transferred his affections to a newly arrived sailor, whose chest was better lined, and who bestowed on him a love token, in the shape of a heavy pea-jacket. In this garment, closely buttoned up, Kooloo took morning promenades, with the tropical sun glaring down upon him. He frequently met his former friend, but passed him with a careless "How d'ye do!" which presently dwindled into a nod. "In one week's time," says poor Typee, "he gave me the cut direct, and lounged by without even nodding. He must have taken me for part of the landscape."

After a while the contents of the chests, and even the chests themselves—esteemed by the Tahitians most valuable pieces of furniture—were given or bartered away, and, as the consul still refused them rations, the sailors knew not how to live. The natives helped them as much as they could, but their larders were scantily furnished, and they grew tired of feeding fifteen hungry idlers. So at last the latter made a morning call upon the consul, who, being unwilling to withdraw, and equally so to press charges which he knew would not be sustained, refused to have anything to say to them. Thereupon some of the party, strong in principle and resolution, and seeing how grievous an annoyance their presence was to their enemy, Wilson, swore to abide near him and never to leave him. Others, less obstinate or more impatient of a change, resolved to decamp from the calabooza. The first to depart were Typee and Long Ghost. They had received intelligence of a new plantation in Imeeo, recently formed by foreigners, who wanted white laborers, and were expected at Papeete to seek them. With these men they took service under the names of Peter and Paul, at wages of fifteen silver dollars a month; and, after an affecting separation from their shipmates—whose respectable character may be judged of by the fact that one of them picked Long Ghost's pocket in the very act of embracing him—they sailed away for Imeeo, and arrived without accident in the valley of Martair, where the plantation was situate. The chapters recording their stay here are amongst the very best in the book, full of rich, quiet fun. Typee gives a capital description of his employers. They were two in number, both "whole-souled fellows; one was a tall, robust Yankee, born in the backwoods of Maine, sawly, and with a long face; the other, a short little cockney who had first clapped his eyes on the Monument." Zeke, the Yankee, had christened his comrade "Shorty;" and Shorty looked up to him with respect, and yielded to him in most things. Both showed themselves well disposed towards their new laborers, whom they at once discovered to be superior to their station. And they soon found their society so agreeable, that they were willing to keep them to do little more than nominal work. As to making them efficient farm-servants, they quickly gave up that idea. As a sailor, Typee had little fancy for husbandry; and the doctor found his long back terribly in his way when re-

quested to dig potatoes and root up stumps, under a sun which, as Shorty said, "was hot enough to melt the nose hoff a brass monkey." Long Ghost very soon gave in; the extraction of a single tree-root settled him; he pleaded illness, and retired to his hammock, but was considerably vexed when he heard the Yankee propose a bullock-hunting expedition, in which, as a sick man, he could not decently take part. This was only the prologue to his annoyances. Mosquitoes, unknown in Tahiti, abound in Imeeo. They were brought there, according to a native tradition, by one Nathan Coleman, of Nantucket, who, in revenge for some fancied grievance, towed a rotten water-cask ashore, and left it in a neglected taro patch, where the ground was moist and warm. Mosquitoes were the result. "When tormented by them, I found much relief in coupling the word Coleman with another of one syllable, and pronouncing them together energetically." The mosquito chapter is very amusing, showing the various comical and ingenious manœuvres of the friends to avoid their tormentors, and obtain a night's sleep. At last they entered a fishing canoe, paddled some distance from shore, and dropped the native anchor, a stone secured to a rope. They were awakened in the morning by the motion of their boat. Zeke was wading in the shallow water, and towing them from a reef towards which they had drifted. "The water-sprites had rolled our stone out of its noose, and we had floated away." This was a narrow escape, but nevertheless they stuck to their floating bedstead as the only possible sleeping-place. A day's successful hunting, followed by a famous supper and jollification under a banian-tree, put the doctor in good humor, and he made himself vastly agreeable. The natives beheld his waggish pranks with infinite admiration, and Zeke looked upon him with particular favor; so much so, that when upon the following morning an order came from a ship at Papete for a supply of potatoes, he almost hesitated to tell funny Peter to assist in digging them up. But the emergency pressed, and the work must be done. So Peter and Paul were set to unearth the vegetables. This was no very cruel task, for "the rich, tawny soil seemed specially adapted to the crop; the great yellow murphies rolling out of the hills like eggs from a nest." But when they were dug up, they had to be carried to the beach; and to this part of the business the lazy adventurers had a special dislike, although Zeke kindly provided them, to lighten their toil, with what he called the barrel machine—a sort of rural sedan, in which the servants carried their loads with comparative ease, whilst their employers sweated under shouldered hampers. But no alleviation could reconcile the sailor and the physician to this novel and unpleasant labor, and the potato-digging was the last piece of work, deserving the name, that either of them did. A few days afterwards they gave their masters warning, greatly to the vexation of Zeke, although he received the notice with true Yankee imperturbability. He proposed that Long Ghost, who, after the hunt, had shown considerable culinary skill, should assume the office of cook, and that Paul-Typee should only work when it suited him, which would not have been very often. The offer was friendly and favorable, but it was refused. A hospitable invitation to remain as guests as long as was convenient to them, was likewise rejected, and, bent upon a ramble, the restless adventurers left the vale of Martair. Even greater inducements would probably have been insufficient

to keep them there. They had been so long on the rove, that change of scene had become essential to their happiness. The doctor, especially, was anxious to be off to Tamai, an inland village on the borders of a lake, where the fruits were the finest, and the women the most beautiful and unsophisticated, in all the Society Islands. Epicurean Long Ghost had set his mind upon visiting this terrestrial paradise, and thither his steady chum willingly accompanied him. It was a day's journey on foot, allowing time for dinner and siesta; and the path lay through wood and ravine, unpeopled save by wild cattle. About noon they reached the heart of the island, thus pleasantly described. "It was a green, cool hollow among the mountains, into which we at last descended with a bound. The place was gushing with a hundred springs, and shaded over with great solemn trees, on whose mossy boles the moisture stood in beads." There is something delightfully hydropathic in these lines; they cool one like a shower-bath. He is a prime fellow, this common sailor Melville, at such scraps of description, terse and true, placing the scene before us in ten words. In long yarns he indulges not, but of such happy touches as the above, we could quote a score. We have not room, either for them, or for an account of the valley of Tamai, its hospitable inhabitants, and its heathenish dances, performed in secret, and in dread of the missionaries, by whom such saturnalia are forbidden. The place was altogether so pleasant, that the doctor and his friend entertained serious thoughts of settling there, or at least of making a long stay, when one morning they were put to flight by the arrival of strangers, said to be missionaries, with whom, vagrants as they were, they had no wish to fall in. So they returned to their friend Zeke, nursing new and ambitious projects. They had no intention of remaining with the good-hearted Yankee, but merely paid him a flying visit, and that with an interested motive. What they wanted of him was this. Although feeling themselves gentlemen every inch, they were not always able to convince the world of their respectability. So they resolved to have a passport, and pitched upon Zeke to manufacture it, he being well known and much respected in Imeeo. Zeke was gratified by the compliment, and set to work with a rooster's quill, and a piece of dirty paper. "Evidently he was not accustomed to composition; for his literary throes were so violent that the doctor suggested that some sort of a Cæsarian operation might be necessary. The precious paper was at last finished; and a great curiosity it was. We were much diverted with his reasons for not dating it. 'In this here dummed climate,' he observed, 'a feller can't keep the run of the months, no how; 'cause there's no seasons, no summer and winter to go by. One's eternally thinking it's always July, it's so pesky hot.' A passport provided, we cast about for some means of getting to Taloo."

The decline of the Tahitian monarchy—the degradation of the regal house of Pomaree, is painful to contemplate. The queen still wears a crown—a tinsel one, received as a present from her sister-sovereign of England—she has also a court and a palace, such as they are; but her power is little more than nominal, her exchequer seldom otherwise than empty. Typee draws a touching contrast between times past and present. "'I'm a greater man than King George,' said the incorrigible young Otoo, to the first missionaries; 'he rides on a horse and I on a man.' Such was the case. He travelled post through his dominions on the shoulders of his



subjects, and relays of immortal beings were provided in all the valleys. But, alas! how times have changed! how transient human greatness! Some years since, Pomaree Vahine I., granddaughter of the proud Otoo, went into the laundry business, publicly soliciting, by her agents, the washing of the linen belonging to officers of ships touching in her harbors." Into the court of this washerwoman-queen Typee and Long Ghost were exceedingly anxious to penetrate. Vague ideas of favor and preferment haunted their brains. During their Polynesian cruise they had seen many instances of rapid advancement; vagabond foreigners, of all nations, domesticated in the families of chiefs and kings, and sometimes married to their daughters and sharing their power. At one of the Tonga islands, a scamp of a Welshman officiated as cup-bearer to the king of the cannibals. The monarch of the Sandwich Islands has three foreigners about his court—a negro to beat the drum, a wooden-legged Portuguese to play the fiddle, and Mordecai, a juggler, to amuse his majesty with cups and balls and sleight of hand. On the Marquesan island of Hivahoo, they had found an English sailor who had attained to the highest dignity in the country. He had deserted from a merchant ship, and at once set up, on his own hook, as an independent sovereign, without dominions, but by disposition most belligerent. A musket and a store of cartridges were his whole possessions; but in a land where war was rife, carried on with the primitive weapons of spear and javelin, they were sufficiently important to make a native prince covet his alliance. His first battle was a decisive victory, a perfect Waterloo, and he became the Wellington of Hivahoo, receiving, as reward for his distinguished services, the hand of a princess, and a splendid dowry of hogs, mats, and other produce. To conform to the prejudices of his new family, he allowed himself to be tattooed, tabooed, and otherwise paganized, becoming as big a savage as any in the island. A blue shark adorned his forehead; a broad bar, of the same color, traversed his face. The tabooing was a less ornamental but more decidedly useful formality, for by it his person was declared sacred and inviolable. Typee and his medical friend had a strong prejudice against cerulean sharks and the like embellishments; but if these could be dispensed with, they felt no disinclination to form part of Pomaree's household. They had not quite made up their minds what office would best suit them, but their circumstances were unprosperous, and they resolved not to be particular. They understood that the queen was mustering around her all the foreigners she could recruit, to make head against the French. She was then at Taloo, a village on the coast of Linea, and thither the two adventurers betook themselves, hoping to be at once elevated to important posts at court; but quite resigned, in case of disappointment, to work as day-laborers in a sugar plantation, or go to sea in a whaler then in the harbor for wood and water. Disgusted with their desultory, hand-to-mouth existence, they yearned after respectability and a prime-ministership. To their sanguine anticipations both of these seemed easy of attainment. Long Ghost, indeed, who, amongst his various accomplishments, was a very Orpheus upon the violin, insisted strongly upon the probability of his becoming a Tahitian Rizzio. But a necessary preliminary to the realization of these day-dreams was a presentation at court, and that was difficult to obtain. Once before Queen Pomaree, they doubted

not but she, with Napoleonic sagacity, would discern their merits, and forthwith make Typee her admiral, and Long Ghost inspector general of hospitals. But they lacked an introduction. The proper course, according to the practice of travelling nobodies, desirous of intruding their plebeianism into a foreign court, would have been to apply to their ambassadors. Unfortunately Deputy-consul Wilson, the only person at hand of a diplomatic character, was by no means disposed to act as master of the ceremonies to the insurgents of the Julia. And their costume, it must be confessed, scarcely qualified them to appear at levee or drawing-room. A short time previously, their ragged and variegated garb had given them much the look of a brace of Polynesian Robert Macaeis. Typee had made himself a new frock out of two old ones, a blue and a red, the irregular mingling of the colors producing a pleasing, parrot-like effect; a tattered shirt of printed calico was twisted round his head, turban-fashion, the sleeves dangling behind, and bullock's-hide sandals protected his feet. The doctor was still more fantastical in his attire. He sported a *roora*, a garment similar to the South American poncho, a sort of mantle or blanket, with a hole in the centre, through which the head passes. This simple article of apparel, which in the doctor's case was of coarse brown tappa, fell in folds around his angular carcass, and in conjunction with a broad-brimmed hat of Panama grass, gave him the aspect of a decayed grandee. Thus clad, the two friends arrived in the neighborhood of the royal residence, and there were fortunate enough to fall in with Mrs. Po-Po, a benevolent Tahitian matron, who provided them with clean frocks and trousers, such as sailors wear, and in all respects was as good as a mother to them. Her husband, Jeremiah Po-Po, a man of substance and consideration, made them welcome in his house, fed and fostered them, without hope of fee or recompense. A little of this generous hospitality was owing to the hypocrisy of that villain, Long Ghost, who, finding his entertainers devoutly disposed, muttered a "grace before meat" over the succulent little porkers, baked *à la façon de Barbarie* in the ground, upon which their kind-hearted Amphitruon regaled them. But neither clean canvass, nor simulated piety, sufficed to draw upon the ambitious schemers the favorable notice of Queen Pomaree. Accustomed to sailors, she held them cheap. A uniform, though but the moth-eaten undress of a militia ensign, would have been a powerful auxiliary to their projects of aggrandizement. Like some others of her sex, Pomaree loves a soldier's coat, and maintained in more prosperous days a formidable regiment of body-guards, in pasteboard shakos, and without breeches.

To go to court, however, Typee and his comrade were fully resolved; and they were not very scrupulous as to the manner of their introduction. They made up to a Marquesan gentleman of herculean proportions, whose office it was to take the princes of the blood an airing in his arms. Typee, who spoke his language, and had been at his native village, soon ingratiated himself with Marbonna, who introduced them to one of the queen's chamberlains. Bribery and corruption now came into play: a plug of tobacco proved an excellent passport to within the royal precincts, but then Marbonna was suddenly called away, and the intruders found themselves abandoned to their fate amongst the ladies of the court, amiable and affable damsels, whom a little "soft sawder" induced to conduct them into the queen's own drawing-room. Here

were collected numerous costly articles of European manufacture, sent as presents to Pomaree. Writing-desks, cut glass and beautiful china, valuable engravings, and gilt candelabras, arms and instruments of all kinds, lay scratched and broken, rusty and rusting amongst greasy calabashes, old matting, paddles, fish-spears, and rubbish of all kinds. It was supper-time; and presently the queen came out of her private boudoir, attired in a blue silk gown and rich shawls, but without shoes or stockings. She lay down upon a mat, and fed herself with her fingers. Presumptuous Long Ghost, unabashed before royalty, was for immediately introducing himself and friend; but the attendants opposed this forward proceeding, and, in doing so, made such a fuss that the queen looked up from her calabash of fish, perceived the strangers, and ordered them out. Such was the first and last interview between Typee the mariner and Pomaree the queen.

"Disappointed in going to court, we determined upon going to sea." The Leviathan, an American whaler, lay in harbor, and Typee shipped on board her. Long Ghost would have done the same, but the Yankee captain disliked the cut of his jib, swore he was a "Sydney bird," and would have nought to say to him. So Typee divided his advance of wages with the medical spectre—drank with him a parting bottle of wine, surreptitiously purchased from a pilfering member of Pomaree's household—and sailed on a whaling cruise to the coast of Japan. We look forward with confidence and interest to an account of what there befell him.

#### ASSAYING METALS.

This process is very often spoken of in the papers, but many persons, perhaps, do not know, yet would like to know, how it is managed. A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Charlotte, in North Carolina, gives an account of the process, as he obtained it from one of the officers of the mint there. He says:

"The miners have to grind the gold rock fine, keeping it wet constantly; and as it becomes fine, it washes off. They have a kind of hard stone for grinding. They then mix quicksilver with it, and that collects the gold dust. It is washed out, dried, and goes through some heating process. The gold dust is then usually sold to the superintendent of the mint. Sometimes the miners melt the dust and cast it into a bar before offering it at the mint. To find the value, each parcel has to be assayed. The assaying is the most curious and scientific of all the business in the mint. The melters take the gold dust, melt it, and cast it into a bar, when it is weighed accurately, and a piece is cut off for the assayer. He takes it, melts it with twice its weight of silver, and several times its weight of lead. It is melted in small cups made of bone-ashes, which absorb all the lead; a large part of the silver is extracted by another process, and the sample is then rolled out to a thin shaving, coiled up and put up in a sort of glass vial called a matrass, with some nitric acid.

"The matrasses are put on a furnace and the acid is boiled some time, poured off, a new supply put in, and boiled again. This is done several times, till the acid has extracted all the silver and other mineral substances, leaving the sample pure gold. The sample is then weighed; and by the difference between the weight before assaying and after, the true value is formed. All the silver over

and above five pennyweights for each lot is paid for by the mint at its true value. The miner calls at the mint, after his lot of gold has been assayed, and gets its full value in gold coin, the government charging nothing for coining. That is what one of the officers of the mint here told me, though I had always understood that the government got five per cent. for coining. The gold, after it has been assayed, is melted, refined, and being mixed with its due proportion of alloy, (equal parts of silver and copper,) is drawn into long strips, in shape not unlike an iron hoop for a cask; the round pieces cut out with a sort of punch, each piece weighed, and brought to the right size by a file, if too heavy, when it is *milled*, or the edge raised, and put into a stamping press, whence it comes forth a perfect coin, bearing the endorsement of that respectable old gentleman, 'Uncle Sam.'

"Various anecdotes are told of men finding gold and carrying it to the mint to get it coined. A yarn is told of an old Dutchman who dug up one day a piece of rock, near a cubic foot in size, that fairly sparkled with gold. Many quite rich specimens have the gold in such small particles as not to be seen by 'vulgar eyes.' But this glistened brightly, and the old man got his team, drove straight to the mint, and asked them to buy his sample or 'make it up into money for him.' They told him they did not buy such specimens, as it must be got out first. He wanted to sell it, as he knew nothing of mining operations. They asked what he would take for it, and he thought awhile and told them *five hundred dollars*. They would not risk it, but told him if he would leave it they would get some one to get it out for him, and pay him for it when they knew what it was worth. He did so, and on being worked up it brought over *sixteen hundred dollars*.

"The old man went straight home to tell his wife and boys. He had eight sons all grown up, and, furnishing each one a musket, he marched up to town after his three hundred and thirty gold pieces. He came into the village with colors flying, and they did not know but he was going to take the mint by storm; but he only came 'armed and equipped' at the head of his 'company,' to *cut a sputter*, 'make a bit of a showing,' and take possession of his *printer*. He got his *dust*, and marched off, 'eyes right, toes out.'

"Another chap made a lucky hit, got a tolerable sized bar of gold, and wouldn't sell it, but went to a *blacksmith* and got his gold made into a cup. He then went and bought a barrel of cider, drove into the public square, and *treated the whole town*, making them all drink out of his gold cup. Such are some of the pranks that man cuts up when he suddenly comes into possession of that 'root of all evil,' MONEY."

PARENTS MUST give good example and reverent deportment in the face of their children. And all those instances of charity which usually endear each other—sweetness of conversation, affability, frequent admonition—all significations of love and tenderness, care and watchfulness, must be expressed towards children; that they may look upon their parents as their friends and patrons, their defence and sanctuary, their treasure and their guide.—*Bishop Taylor, Holy Living.*

A MAN full of compliment is a dedication: a man full of learning is a register.

Of all that I have lost on earth of youth and joy, I regret nothing so much as the loss of the ideal I had formed of all.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

RARELY, in these days of profuse and unscrupulous scribbling, do we find an author giving the essence, not a dilution, of his wit, learning, and imagination, dispensing his mental stores with frugal caution, instead of lavishing them with reckless prodigality. Such a one, when met with, should be made much of, as a model for sinners in a contrary sense, and as a bird of precious plumage. Of that feather is Monsieur Prosper Mérimée. He plays with literature, rather than professes it; it is his recreation, not his trade; at long intervals and for a brief space, he turns from more serious pursuits to coquet with the Muse, not frankly to embrace her. Willing though she be, he will not take her for a lawful spouse and constant companion, but courts her *par amours*. The offspring of these moments of dalliance are *buxom* and *debonair*, of various but comely aspect. In two-and-twenty years he has written less than the average annual produce of many of his literary countrymen. In several paths of literature, he has essayed his steps and made good a footing; in not one has he continuously persevered, but, although cheered by applause, has quickly struck into another track, which, in its turn, has been capriciously deserted. His "Studies of Roman History" give him an honorable claim to the title of historian; his "Notes of Archaeological Rambles" are greatly esteemed; he has written plays; and his prose fictions, whether middle-age romance or novel of modern society, rank with the best of their class. He began his career with a mystification. His first work greatly puzzled the critics. It professed to be a translation of certain comedies, written by a Spanish actress, whose fictitious biography was prefixed and signed by Joseph L'Estrange, officer in the Swiss regiment of Watteville. This imaginary personage had made acquaintance with Clara Gazul in garrison at Gibraltar. Nothing was neglected that might perfect the delusion and give success to the cheat; fragments of old Spanish authors were prefixed to each play, showing familiarity with the literature of the country; the style, tone, and allusions were thoroughly Spanish; and, through the French dress, the Castilian idiom seemed here and there to peep forth, confirming the notion of a translation. Clara was an Andalusian, half gypsy, half Moor, skilled in guitars and castanets, saynetes and boleros. L'Estrange makes her narrate her own origin.

"I was born," she told us, "under an orange-tree, by the roadside, not far from Motril, in the kingdom of Granada. My mother was a fortune-teller, and I followed her, or was carried on her back, till the age of five years. Then she took me to the house of a canon of Granada, the licentiate Gil Vargas, who received us with every sign of joy. 'Salute your uncle,' said my mother. I saluted him. She embraced me, and departed. I have never seen her since.' And to stop our questions, Doña Clara took her guitar and sang the gypsy song, *Cuando me parió mi madre, la gitana*."

Biography and comedies were so skilfully got up, the deception was so well combined, that the reviewers were put entirely on a wrong scent. Two years later, M. Mérimée was guilty of another harmless literary swindle, entitled *La Guzla*, a selection of Illyrian poems, said to be collected in Bosnia, Dalmatia, &c., but whose real origin could be traced no further than to his own imagination.

Although the name was a manifest anagram of Gazul, the public were gulled. The deceit was first unmasked in Germany, we believe, by Goethe, to whom the secret had been betrayed. Thenceforward the young author was content to publish under his own name works of which he certainly had no reason to be ashamed. One of the earliest of these was, "*La Jacquerie*"—a sort of long melodrama, or series of scenes, illustrating feudal aggressions and cruelties in France, and the consequent peasant revolts of the fourteenth century. It shows much historical research and care in collection of materials, is rich in references to the barbarous customs and strange manners of the times, and, like the "*Chronicle of Charles IX.*," another historical work of M. Mérimée's, has, we suspect, been found very useful by more recent fabricators of romances.

Educated for the bar, but not practising his profession, M. Mérimée was one of the rising men of talent whom the July revolution pushed forward. After being *chef de cabinet* of the minister of the interior, Count d'Argout, he held several appointments under government, amongst others, that of inspector of historical monuments, an office he still retains. In 1844 he was elected to a chair in the French Academy, vacant by the death of the accomplished Charles Nodier. He has busied himself much with archaeological researches, and the published results of his travels in the west of France, Provence, Corsica, &c., are most learned and valuable. In the intervals of his antiquarian investigations and administrative labors, he has thrown off a number of tales and sketches, most of which first saw the light in leading French periodicals, and have since been collected and republished. They are all remarkable for grace of style and tact in management of subject. One of the longest, "*Colomba*," a tale of Corsican life, is better known in England than its author's name. It has been translated with accuracy and spirit, and lately has been further brought before the public, on the boards of a minor theatre, distorted into a very different melodrama. The Corsican Vendetta has been taken as the basis of more than one romantic story, but, handled by M. Mérimée, it has acquired new and fascinating interest; and he has enriched his little romance with a profusion of those small traits and artistical touches which exhibit the character and peculiarities of a people better than folios of dry description. "*La Double Méprise*," another of his longer tales, is a clever *novelette* of Parisian life. According to English notions its subject is slippery, its main incident, and some of its minor details, improbable and unpleasant, although so neatly managed that one is less startled when reading them than shocked on after reflection. It certainly requires skilful management to give an air of probability to such a scene as is detailed in chapter five. A French gentleman, a man of fortune and family, mixing in good society, is anxious for an appointment at court, and to obtain it he reckons much on the influence and good word of a certain Duke of H—. There is a benefit night at the Opera, and the young wife of the aspirant to court honors has a box. Between the acts her husband, who has unwillingly accompanied her, rambles about the house, and discovers the duke in an inconvenient corner, where he can see nothing. His grace is not alone, but in the society of his kept-mistress. To propitiate his patron, the unscrupulous husband introduces him and his companion into the box of his unsuspecting wife! The



sequel may be imagined; the stare and titter of acquaintances, the supercilious gratitude of the duke, the astonishment of the lady at the singular tone of the pretty and elegantly dressed woman with whom she is thus unexpectedly brought in contact, and whose want of *usage* bespeaks, as she imagines, the newly arrived provincial. All this, which might pass muster in a novel depicting the manners and morals of the regency, is rather violent in one of our day; but yet, so cleverly are the angles of improbability draped and softened down, the reader perseveres. The plot is very slight; the tale scarcely depends on it, but is what the French call a *tableau de mœurs*, with less pretensions to the regular progress and catastrophe of a novel, than to be a mirror of every-day scenes and actors on the bustling stage of Paris life. The characters are well drawn, the dialogues witty and dramatic, the book abounds in sly hits and smart satire; but its bitterness of tone injured its popularity, and, unlike its author's other tales, it met little success. The opening chapter is a picture of a lively Parisian *ménage*, such as many doubtless exist; a striking example of a *mariage de convenance*, or mis-match.

"Six years had elapsed since the marriage of Julie de Chaverny, and five years and six months, or thereabouts, since she had discovered that it was impossible for her to love her husband, and very difficult to esteem him. He was not a bad man, neither could he be called stupid, nor even silly; she had once thought him agreeable; now she found him intolerably wearisome. To her everything about him was repulsive and unpleasant. His most trifling actions, his way of eating, of taking coffee, of talking, gave her umbrage and irritated her nerves. Except at table, the pair scarcely saw or spoke to each other; but they dined together several times a week, and that sufficed to keep up the sort of hatred Julie entertained towards her husband.

"As to Chaverny, he was rather a handsome man, a little too corpulent for his time of life, with a fresh complexion, full-blooded, and by no means subject to those vague uneasinesses which sometimes torment persons of more intellectual organization. Piously convinced that his wife's sentiments towards him were those of tender friendship, the conviction caused him neither pleasure nor pain. Had he known Julie's feelings to be of an opposite nature, it would have made little difference to his happiness. He had served several years in a cavalry regiment, when he inherited a considerable fortune, became disgusted with garrison life, resigned his commission, and took a wife. It seems difficult to explain the marriage of two persons who had not an idea in common. On the one hand, a number of those officious friends and relations, who, as Phrosine says, would marry the republic of Venice to the Grand Turk, had taken much pains to arrange it; on the other, Chaverny was of good family; before his marriage he was not too fat; he was gay and cheerful, and what is called a *good fellow*. Julie was glad to see him at her mother's house, because he made her laugh with anecdotes of his regiment, droll enough, if not always in the best taste. She found him amiable, because he danced with her at every ball, and was always ready with excellent reasons to persuade her mother to remain late at theatre or party, or at the *Bois de Boulogne*. Finally, she thought him a hero, because he had fought two or three creditable duels. But what completed his triumph, was the description of a certain carriage, to be built after a plan

of his own, and in which he was to drive Julie, as soon as she consented to become Madame de Chaverny.

"A few months of married life, and Chaverny's good qualities had lost much of their merit. He no longer danced with his wife—that of course. His funny stories had long been thrice told. He complained that balls lasted too late; at the theatre he yawned; the custom of dressing for the evening he found an insufferable bore. Laziness was his bane; had he endeavored to please, perhaps he would have succeeded, but the least exertion or restraint was torture to him, as to most fat persons. He found it irksome to go into society, because there the manner of one's reception depends on the efforts one makes to please. A rude joviality suited him better than refined amusements; to distinguish himself amongst persons of a similar taste to his own, he had only to talk and laugh louder than his companions—and that he did without trouble, for his lungs were remarkably vigorous. He also prided himself on drinking more champagne than most men could support, and on leaping his horse over a four-foot wall in true sporting style. To these various accomplishments he was indebted for the friendship and esteem of the indefinable class of beings known as 'young men,' who swarm upon our *boulevards* towards eight in the evening. Shooting parties, country excursions, races, bachelors' dinners and suppers, were his favorite pastimes. Twenty times a day he declared himself the happiest of mortals; and when Julie heard the declaration, she cast her eyes to heaven, and her little mouth assumed an expression of indescribable contempt."

We turn to another of M. Mérimée's books, in our opinion his best, an historical romance, entitled 1572, a "Chronicle of the Reign of Charles the Ninth." "In history," says the author in his preface, "I care only for the anecdotes, and prefer those in which I fancy I discover a true picture of the manners and characters of a particular period. This is not a very elevated taste; but I own, to my shame, that I would willingly give the whole of Thucydides for an authentic memoir of Aspasia, or of one of Pericles' slaves. Memoirs, the familiar gossip of an author with his reader, alone supply those individual portraits that amuse and interest me. It is not from Mezerai, but from Montlue, Brantôme, D'Aubigné, Tavannes, La Noue, &c., that one forms a just idea of the French of the sixteenth century. From the style of those contemporary authors, we learn as much as from the substance of their narratives. In L'Estoile, for instance, I read the following concise note. 'The demoiselle de Chateaufort, one of the king's *mignonnes*, before he went to Poland, having espoused, *par amourettes*, the Florentine Antinotti, officer of the galleys at Marseilles, and detecting him in an intrigue, slew him stoutly with her own hand.' By the help of this anecdote, and of similar ones, which abound in Brantôme, I make up a character in my head, and resuscitate a lady of Henry the Third's court." The "Chronicle" is the result of much reading and combination of the kind here referred to; and M. Mérimée has even been accused of adhering too closely to reality, to the detriment of the poetical character of his romance. He does not make his heroes and heroines sufficiently perfect, or his villains sufficiently atrocious, to suit the palate of some critics, but depicts them as he finds evidence of their having existed—their virtues obscured by the coarse manners and loose morality,

their crimes palliated by the religious antipathies and stormy political passions of a semi-civilized age. He declines judging the men of the sixteenth century according to the ideas of the nineteenth. And, with regard to minor matters, he does not, like some of his contemporaries, place in the mouth of a Huguenot leader, or a *Guisarde* countess, the tame and dainty phrase appropriate enough in that of an equerry, or lady of the bed-chamber, at the court of the citizen king. Eschewing conventionality, and following his own judgment, and the guidance of the old chroniclers, in whose quaint records he delights, he has written one of the best existing French historical romances.

It would have been easy for a less able writer than M. Mérimée to have extended the "*Chronique*" to thrice its present length. It is not a complete romance, but a desultory sketch of the events and manners of the time, with a few imaginary personages introduced. Novel readers who require a regular *dénouement* will be disappointed at its conclusion. There is not even a hint of a wedding from the first page to the last; and the only lady who plays a prominent part in the story, a certain Countess Diane de Turgis, is little better than she should be. And yet, if we follow M. Mérimée's rule, and judge her according to the ideas and morals of the age she flourished in, she was rather an amiable and proper sort of person. True, she sets her lovers by the ears, and feels gratified when they cut each other's throats: she even challenges a court dame, who has taken the precedence of her, to an encounter with sword and dagger, *en chemise*, according to the prevailing mode amongst the *raffinés*, or professed duellists of the time; and she writes seductive billets-doux in Spanish, and gives wicked little suppers to the handsome cavalier on whom her affections are set. But, on the other hand, she goes to mass, and confesses, and does her best to save her Huguenot lover's body and soul, and obtain the remission of her own sins by converting him from his heresy. So that, as times went in the year 1572, she was to be reckoned amongst the righteous. The handsome heretic, in whose present safety and future salvation she takes so strong an interest, is one Bernard de Mergy, who has come to Paris to take service with the great chief of his co-religionists, Admiral Coligny. His brother, George de Mergy, has deserted the creed of Calvin, and is consequently in high favor at the Louvre, but under the ban of his father, a stern old Huguenot officer, who will not hear the name of his renegade son. Bernard, whilst regretting his brother's apostasy, does not deem it necessary to shun his society. On the road he has been enjoined or robbed of his ready cash by a pretty gypsy girl, and his good horse has been stolen by one of the hordes of German lanzknechts, whom the recent civil war had brought to France. He reaches Paris with an empty purse, and is not sorry to meet his brother, who welcomes him kindly, and supplies his wants, but refuses to recant, and attempts to justify his backsliding. In the course of his defence he gives an insight into the prevalent corruption of the time, and shows how the private vices of great political leaders often marred the fortunes of their party.

"You were still at school," said De Mergy, "learning Latin and Greek, when I first donned the cuirass, girded the Huguenot's white scarf, and took share in our civil wars. Your little Prince of Condé, who has led his party into so many errors, looked after your affairs when his intrigues left him

time. A lady loved me; the prince asked me to resign her to him; I refused, and he became my mortal enemy. From that hour he lost no opportunity of mortifying me.

Ce petit prince si joli  
Qui toujours baise sa mignonne,

held me up to the fanatics of the party as a monster of libertinism and irreligion. I had only one mistress; and as to the irreligion—I let others do as they like; why attack me?"

"I thought the prince incapable of such baseness," said Bernard.

"He is dead," replied his brother, "and you have deified him. 'Tis the way of the world. He had great qualities; he died like a brave man, and I have forgiven him. But then he was powerful, and on the part of a poor gentleman like myself, it was guilt to resist him. All the preachers and hypocrites of the army set upon me, but I cared as little for their abuse as for their sermons. At last one of the prince's gentlemen, to curry favor with his master, called me libertine, before all our captains. I struck him; we fought—and he was killed. At that time there were a dozen duels a day in the army, and no notice taken. In my favor an exception was made; I was fixed upon by the prince to serve as an example. The entreaties of the other leaders, including the admiral, procured my pardon. But the prince's rancor was not yet appeased. At the fight of Jazeneuil, I commanded a company: I had been foremost in the skirmish; my cuirass battered and broken by bullets, my left arm pierced by a lance, showed that I had not spared myself. I had only twenty men left, and a battalion of the king's Swiss guards advanced against us. The Prince of Condé ordered me to charge them; I asked for two companies of *relèves*, and—he called me coward."

"Mergy rose and approached his brother with an expression of strong interest. The captain continued—his eyes flashing with anger at the recollection of the insult:—

"He called me coward before all those popinjays in gilt armor who afterwards abandoned him on the battle-field of Jarnac. I resolved to die, and rushed upon the Swiss—vowing, if I escaped with life, never again to draw sword for that unjust prince. Grievously wounded, thrown from my horse, one of the Duke of Anjou's gentlemen, Béville—the mad fellow whom we dined with to-day—saved my life, and presented me to the duke. He treated me well. I was eager for vengeance. They urged me to take service under my benefactor, the Duke of Anjou; they quoted the line—

Omne solum forti patria est, ut piscibus æquor.

I was indignant to see the Protestants summoning foreigners to their assistance. But why disguise the real motive that actuated me? I thirsted for revenge, and became a Catholic, in hopes of meeting the Prince of Condé in fair fight, and killing him. A coward forestalled me, and the manner of the prince's death almost made me forget my hatred. I saw his bloody corpse abandoned to the insults of the soldiery; I rescued it from their hands, and covered it with my cloak. I was pledged to the Catholics; I commanded a squadron of their cavalry; I could not leave them. I have happily been able to render some service to my former party; I have done my best to soften the fury of religious animosities, and have been fortunate enough to save several of my friends."

"Oliver de Basseville tells everybody he owes you his life."

"Behold me then a Catholic," continued George, in a calmer voice. "The religion is as good as another: and then it is an easy and pleasant one. See yonder pretty Madonna: 'tis the portrait of an Italian courtesan; but the bigots praise my piety when I cross myself before it. My word for it, I get on vastly better with Rome than Geneva. By making trifling sacrifices to the opinions of the *canaille*, I live as I like. I must go to mass—very good! I go there and stare at the pretty women. I must have a confessor—*parbleu!* I have one, a jolly Franciscan and ex-dragon, who for a crown-piece gives me a ticket of confession, and delivers my billets-doux to his pretty penitents into the bargain. *Mort de ma vie! Vive la messe!*"

"Mergy could not restrain a smile."

"There is my breviary," continued the captain, throwing his brother a richly-bound book, fastened with silver clasps, and enclosed in a velvet case. "Such a missal as that is well worth your prayer-books."

"Mergy read on the back of the volume, *Heures de la Cour*."

"The binding is handsome," he said, disdainfully returning the book.

"The captain smiled, and opening it again handed it to him. Mergy then read upon the first page: *La vie très-horifique du grand Gargantua, père de Pantagruel: composée par M. Alcofrabas, abstracteur de Quintessence.*"

Thus, in a single page, does M. Mérimée place before us a picture of the times, with their mixture of fanaticism and irreligion, their shameless political profligacy and private immorality. Bernard de Mergy cannot prevail with his brother to return to the conventicle; so he accompanies him to mass—not to pray, but hoping to obtain a glimpse of Madame de Turgis, whom he has already seen masked in the street, and whose graceful form and high reputation for beauty have made strong impression on the imagination of this novice in court gallantries. On entering the sacristy, they find the preacher, a jolly monk, surrounded by a dozen young rakes, with whom he bandies jokes more witty than wise.

"Ah," cried Béville, "here is the captain! Come, George, give us a text. Father Lubin has promised to preach on any one we propose."

"Yes," said the monk; "but make haste. *Mort de ma vie!* I ought to be in the pulpit already."

"Peste! Father Lubin, you swear like the king," cried the captain.

"I bet he would not swear in his sermon," said Béville.

"Why not, if the fancy took me?" stoutly retorted the Franciscan.

"Ten pistoles you do not."

"Ten pistoles! Done."

"Béville," cried the captain, "I go halves in your wager."

"No, no!" replied his friend, "I will not share the reverend's money; and if he wins, by my faith! I shall not regret mine. An oath in pulpit is well worth ten pistoles."

"They are already won," said Father Lubin: "I begin my sermon with three oaths. Ah! *Messieurs les Gentilhommes*, because you have rapier on hip, and plume in hat, you would monopolize the talent of swearing. We will see."

"He left the sacristy, and in an instant was in his pulpit. There was silence in the church. The

preacher scanned the crowded congregation as though seeking his bettor; and when he discovered him leaning against a column exactly opposite the pulpit, he knit his brows, put his arms akimbo, and in an angry tone thus began:

"My dear brethren,

"*Par la vertu!—par la mort!—par le sang!*"—

"A murmur of surprise and indignation interrupted the preacher, or, it were more correctly said, filled up the pause he intentionally left."

"—*de Dieu,*" continued the Franciscan, in a devout nasal whine, "we are saved and delivered from punishment."

"A general burst of laughter interrupted him a second time. Béville took his purse from his girdle, and shook it at the preacher, as an admission that he had lost."

The sermon that follows is in character with its commencement. Whilst awaiting its conclusion, Bernard de Mergy in vain seeks the Countess de Turgis; it is only when leaving the church that his brother points her out to him. She is escorted by a young man, of slight figure and effeminate mien, dressed with studied negligence. This is the terrible Count de Comminges, the duellist of the day, the chief of those *raffinés* who fought on every pretext, and often on no pretext at all. He had had nearly a hundred duels, and a challenge from him was held equivalent to a ticket for the hospital, if not to sentence of death. "Comminges once summoned a man to the Pré-aux-Clercs, then the classic duelling-ground. They stripped off their doublets, and drew their swords. 'Are you not Berny of Auvergne?' inquired Comminges. 'Certainly not,' replied his antagonist; 'my name is Villequier, and I am from Normandy.' 'So much the worse,' quoth Comminges, 'I took you for another man; but since I have challenged you, we must fight.' They fought accordingly, and the unlucky Norman was killed." Since the death of a Monsieur de Lannoy, slain at the siege of Orleans, Madame de Turgis is without a lover. Comminges aspires to the vacant post; his attentions are rather tolerated than encouraged; but he seems determined that if he does not succeed, nobody else shall, for he has constituted himself her constant attendant, and a wholesome dread of his formidable rapier keeps off rivals. He has sworn to kill all who present themselves.

By the interest of Coligny, whom Charles the Ninth affects to favor whilst he plots his death, Bernard de Mergy receives a commission in the army preparing for a campaign in Flanders. He goes to court to thank the king, and the following scene passes.

"The court was at the Château de Madrid. The queen-mother, surrounded by her ladies, waited in her apartment for the king to come to breakfast. The king, followed by the princes, slowly traversed the gallery, in which were assembled the nobles and gentlemen who were to accompany him to the chase. With an absent air he listened to the remarks of his courtiers, and made abrupt replies. When he passed before the two brothers, the captain bent his knee, and presented the newly-made officer. Mergy bowed profoundly, and thanked his majesty for the favor shown him before he had earned it."

"Ha! it is you of whom my father the admiral spoke! You are Captain George's brother?"

"Yes, sire."

"Catholic or Protestant?"

"Sire, I am a Protestant."



"I ask from idle curiosity. The devil take me if I care of what religion are those who serve me well."

"And having uttered these memorable words, the king entered the queen's apartments. A few moments later, a swarm of ladies spread themselves over the gallery, as if sent to enable the gentlemen to wait with patience. I shall speak but of one of the beauties of that court, where they so greatly abounded; of the Countess de Turgis, who plays an important part in this history. She wore an elegant riding-dress, and had not yet put on her mask. Her complexion, of dazzling but uniform whiteness, contrasted with her jet-black hair; her well-arched eye-brows, slightly joining, gave a proud expression to her physiognomy, without diminishing its graceful beauty. At first, the sole expression of her blue eye seemed one of disdainful haughtiness; but when animated in conversation, their pupils, dilated like those of a cat, seemed to emit sparks, and few men, even of the most audacious could long sustain their magical power.

"The Countess de Turgis!—how lovely she looks!" murmured the courtiers, pressing forward to see her better. Mergy, close to whom she passed, was so struck by her beauty that he forgot to make way till her large silken sleeves rustled against his doublet. She remarked his emotion without displeasure, and for a moment deigned to fix her magnificent eyes on those of the young Protestant, who felt his cheek glow under her gaze. The countess smiled and passed on, letting one of her gloves fall before our hero, who, still motionless and fascinated, neglected to pick it up. Instantly a fair-haired youth, (it was no other than Comminges,) who stood behind Mergy, pushed him rudely in passing before him, seized the glove, kissed it respectfully, and presented it to Madame de Turgis. Without thanking him, the lady turned towards Mergy with a look of crushing contempt; and, observing Captain George at his side, 'Captain,' said she, very loud, 'where does that great clown spring from? He must be some Huguenot, judging from his courtesy.'

"The laughter of the bystanders completed the embarrassment of the unlucky Bernard.

"He is my brother, madam," was George's quiet reply; 'he has been three days at Paris, and, by my honor, he is not more awkward than Lannoy was, before you undertook his education.'

"The countess colored slightly. 'An unkind jest, captain,' she said: 'Speak not ill of the dead. Give me your hand; I have a message to you from a lady whom you have offended.'

"The captain respectfully took her hand, and led her to the recess of a distant window. Before she reached it, she once more turned her head to look at Mergy.

"Still dazzled by the apparition of the beautiful countess, whom he longed to look at, but dared not, Mergy felt a gentle tap upon his shoulder. He turned, and beheld the Baron de Vaudreuil, who drew him aside, to speak to him, as he said, without fear of interruption.

"My dear fellow," the baron began, 'you are a stranger at court, and are probably not yet acquainted with its customs!'

"Mergy looked at him with astonishment.

"Your brother is engaged, and not able to advise you; if agreeable to you, I will replace him. You have been gravely insulted; and seeing you in this pensive attitude, I doubt not you meditate revenge."

"Revenge!—on whom?" cried Mergy, reddening to the very white of his eyes.

"Were you not just now rudely pushed aside by little Comminges? The whole court witnessed the affront, and expect you to notice it suitably."

"But," said Mergy, 'in so crowded a room as this an accidental push is nothing very extraordinary.'

"M. de Mergy, I have not the honor to be intimate with you; but your brother is my particular friend, and he will tell you that I practise as much as possible the divine precept of forgiveness of injuries. I do not wish to embark you in a bad quarrel, but at the same time it is my duty to tell you that Comminges did not push you accidentally. He pushed you because he wished to insult you; and if he had not pushed you, you would still be insulted; for, by picking up Madame de Turgis' glove, he usurped your right. The glove was at your feet, *ergo* it was for you alone to raise and return it. And you have but to look around; you will see Comminges telling the story and laughing at you."

"Mergy turned about. Comminges was surrounded by five or six young men, to whom he laughingly narrated something which they listened to with curious interest. Nothing proved that his conduct was under discussion; but at the words of his charitable counsellor, Mergy felt his heart swell with fury.

"I will speak to him after the hunt," he said, 'and he shall tell me—'

"Oh! never put off a good resolution; besides, you offend Heaven much less in challenging your adversary immediately after the offence than in doing it when you have had time to reflect. In a moment of irritation, which is but a venial offence, you agree to fight; and if you afterwards fulfil your agreement, it is only to avoid committing a far greater sin, that of breaking your word. But I forget that you are a Protestant. Nevertheless, arrange a meeting with him at once. I will bring you together."

"I trust he will not refuse to make a fitting apology."

"Undeceive yourself, comrade. Comminges never yet said, I was wrong. But he is a man of strict honor, and will give you every satisfaction."

"Mergy made an effort to suppress his emotion and assume an indifferent air.

"Since I have been insulted," he said, 'I must have satisfaction. And whatever kind may be necessary, I shall know how to insist upon it.'

"Well spoken, my brave friend; your boldness pleases me, for you of course know that Comminges is one of our best swordsmen. *Par ma foi!* he handles his blade right cunningly. He took lessons at Rome of Brambilla, and Petit-Jean will fence with him no longer.' And whilst speaking, Vaudreuil attentively watched the countenance of Mergy, who was pale, but from anger at the offence offered him rather than from apprehension of its consequences.

"I would willingly be your second in this affair, but I take the sacrament to-morrow, and, moreover, I am engaged to M. de Rheiney, and cannot draw sword against any but him."

"I thank you, sir. If necessary, my brother will second me."

\* It was a rule with the *raffinés* not to commence a new quarrel so long as there was an old one to terminate.

"The captain is perfectly at home in these affairs. Meanwhile, I will bring Comminges to speak with you."

"Mergy bowed, and turning to the wall, did his best to compose his countenance and arrange what he should say. There is a certain grace in giving a challenge, which habit alone bestows. It was our hero's first affair, and he was a little embarrassed; he was less afraid of a sword-thrust than of saying something unbecoming a gentleman. He had just succeeded in composing a firm and polite sentence, when Baron de Vaudreuil, taking him by the arm, drove it out of his head.

"You desire to speak to me, sir?" said Comminges, hat in hand, and bowing with an impertinent politeness, which brought an angry flush upon Mergy's countenance.

"I hold myself insulted by your behavior," the young Protestant instantly replied, "and I desire satisfaction."

"Vaudreuil nodded approvingly; Comminges drew himself up, and placing his hand on his hip, the prescribed posture in such circumstances, replied with much gravity:

"You constitute yourself demander, sir, and, as defendant, I have the choice of arms."

"Name those you prefer."

"Comminges reflected for an instant. 'The *estoc*,' he at last said, 'is a good weapon, but it makes ugly wounds; and at our age,' he added, with a smile, 'one is not anxious to appear before one's mistress with a scarred countenance. The rapier makes a small hole, but it is enough.' And he again smiled, as he said, 'I choose rapier and dagger.'

"Very good," said Mergy, and he took a step to depart.

"One moment!" cried Vaudreuil; "you forget the place of meeting."

"The court uses the *Pré-aux-Clercs*," said Comminges; "and if the gentleman has no particular preference—"

"The *Pré-aux-Clercs*—be it so."

"As to the time, I shall not be up before eight o'clock, for reasons of my own—you understand—I do not sleep at home to-night, and cannot be at the *Pré* before nine."

"Let nine be the hour."

"Just then Mergy perceived the Countess de Turgis, who had left the captain in conversation with another lady. As may be supposed, at sight of the lovely cause of this ugly affair, our hero threw into his countenance an additional amount of gravity and feigned indifference.

"Of late," said Vaudreuil, "it is the fashion to fight in crimson drawers. If you have none, I will send you a pair. They look clean, and do not show blood. And now," continued the Baron, who appeared quite in his element, "nothing remains but to fix upon your seconds and thirds."

"The gentleman is a new comer at court," said Comminges, "and perhaps might have difficulty in finding a third. Out of consideration for him I will content myself with a second."

"With some difficulty, Mergy contracted his lips into a smile.

"Impossible to be more courteous," said the baron. "It is really a pleasure to deal with so accommodating a cavalier as M. de Comminges."

"You will require a rapier of the same length as mine," resumed Comminges; "I can recommend you Laurent, at the Golden Sun, Rue de la Féronnerie; he is the best armorer in Paris. Tell him

you come from me, and he will treat you well.' Having thus spoken, he turned upon his heel, and rejoined the group he had lately left.

"I congratulate you, M. Bernard," said Vaudreuil; "you have acquitted yourself admirably. Exceedingly well, indeed. Comminges is not accustomed to hear himself spoken to in that fashion. He is feared like fire, especially since he killed Canillac; for as to St. Michel, whom he killed a couple of months ago, he did not get much credit by that. St. Michel was not particularly skilful, whilst Canillac had already slain five or six antagonists, without receiving a scratch. He had studied at Naples under Borelli, and it was said that Lansac had bequeathed him the secret thrust with which he did so much harm. 'To be sure,' continued the baron, as if to himself, 'Canillac had pillaged the church at Auxerre, and trampled on the consecrated wafers; no wonder he was punished.'

"Mergy, although far from amused by this conversation, thought himself bound to continue it, lest a suspicion offensive to his courage should occur to Vaudreuil.

"Fortunately," he replied, "I have pillaged no church, and never touched a consecrated wafer in my life; so I have a risk the less to run."

"Another caution. When you cross swords with Comminges, beware of one of his feints, which cost Captain Tomaso his life. He cried out that the point of his sword was broken. Tomaso instantly guarded his head, expecting a cut; but Comminges' sword was perfect enough, for it entered, to within a foot of the hilt, Tomaso's breast, which he had exposed, not anticipating a thrust. But you fight with rapiers, and there is less danger."

"I will do my best."

"Ah! one thing more. Choose a dagger with a strong basket-hilt; it is very useful to parry. I owe this scar on my left hand to having gone out one day without a poniard. Young Tallard and myself had a quarrel, and for want of a dagger, I nearly lost my hand."

"And was he wounded?" inquired Mergy.

"I killed him, thanks to a vow I made to St. Maurice, my patron. Have some linen and lint about you; it can do no harm. One is not always killed outright. You will do well also to have your sword placed on the altar during mass. But you are a Protestant. Yet another word. Do not make it a point of honor not to retreat; on the contrary, keep him moving; he is short-winded; exhaust his breath, and, when you find your opportunity, one good thrust in the breast and your man is down."

"There is no saying how long the baron would have continued his valuable advice, had not a great sounding of horns announced that the king was about to take horse. The door of the apartment opened; and his majesty and the queen-mother made their appearance, equipped for the chase. Captain George, who had just left his lady, joined his brother, and clapped him joyously on the shoulder.

"By the mass!" he cried, "thou art a lucky rogue! Only see this youngster, with his cat's mustache; he has but to show himself, and all the ladies are mad after him. The handsome countess has been talking about you for the last quarter of an hour. Come, good courage! During the hunt, keep by her stirrup, and be as gallant as you can. But what the devil's the matter with you? Are you ill? You make as long a face as a preacher at the stake. *Morbleu!* cheer up, man!"

"I have no great fancy to hunt to-day," said Bernard; "and I would rather—"

"If you do not hunt," whispered Vaudreuil, "Comminges will think you are afraid."

"I am ready," said Mergy, passing his hand across his burning brow, and resolved to wait till after the hunt to inform his brother of his adventure. "What disgrace," thought he, "if Madame de Turgis suspected me of fear; if she supposed that the idea of an approaching duel prevented my enjoying the chase."

During the hunt, Bernard swerves not from the side of the countess, who accords him various marks of favor, and finally dismisses Comminges, who has also escorted her, and has a *tête-à-tête* ride with her new admirer. She well knows that a duel is in the wind, and dreads it, for Mergy's sake. Hopeless of his escape with life from the projected combat, she tries at least to save his soul, and makes a bold attempt at his conversion. But on that head he is deaf even to her voice. Baffled, she essays a compromise.

"You heretics have no faith in relics," said Madame de Turgis.

Bernard smiled.

"And you think yourselves defiled by touching them!" she continued. "You would not carry one, as we Roman Catholics are wont to do!"

"We hold the custom useless, to say the least."

"Listen. A cousin of mine once attached a relic to his hound's neck, and at twelve paces fired at the dog an arquebuse charged with slugs."

"And the dog was killed?"

"Not touched."

"Wonderful! I would fain possess such a relic."

"Indeed!—and you would carry it?"

"Undoubtedly—since the relic saved the dog, it would of course— But stay, is it quite certain that a heretic is as good as a Catholic's dog?"

"Without listening to him, Madame de Turgis hastily unbuttoned the top of her closely fitting habit, and took from her bosom a little gold box, very flat, suspended by a black ribbon. "Here," she said—"you promised to wear it. You shall return it to me one day."

"Certainly. If I am able."

"But you will take care of it? No sacrilege! You will take the greatest care of it!"

"I have received it from you, madam."

"She gave him the relic, and he hung it round his neck."

"A Catholic would have thanked the hand that bestowed the holy talisman."

"Mergy seized her hand, and tried to raise it to his lips."

"No, no! it is too late."

"Say not so! Remember, I may never again have such fortune."

"Take off my glove," said the lady. Whilst obeying, Mergy thought he felt a slight pressure. He imprinted a burning kiss on the white and beautiful hand."

Frank and free were the dames of the ninth Charles' court. Faithless in the virtues of the relic, feverishly excited by the novelty of his situation, and by the preference the countess has shown him, which has given life a tenfold value in his eyes, Mergy passes an agitated and sleepless night. When the Louvre clock strikes eight, his brother enters his apartment, bringing the necessary weapons, and vainly endeavoring to conceal his sadness and anxiety. Bernard examines the sword and

dagger, the manufacture of the famous Luno of Toledo."

"With such good arms," he said, "I shall surely be able to defend myself." Then showing the relic given him by Madame de Turgis, and which he wore concealed in his bosom, "Here too," he added with a smile, "is a talisman better than coat of mail against a sword-thrust."

"Whence have you the bauble?"

"Guess." And the vanity of appearing favored by the fair, made him for a moment forget both Comminges and the duelling sword that lay naked before him.

"I would wager that crazy countess gave it to you! May the devil confound her and her box!"

"It is a relic for protection in to-day's encounter."

"She had better have worn her gloves, instead of parading her fine white fingers."

"God preserve me," cried Mergy, blushing deeply, from believing in Papist relics. But if I fall to-day, I would have her know that I died with this upon my heart."

"Folly!" cried the captain, shrugging his shoulders.

"Here is a letter for my mother," said Mergy, his voice slightly tremulous. George took it without a word, and approaching the table, opened a small Bible, and seemed busy reading whilst his brother completed his toilet. On the first page that offered itself to his eyes, he read these words in his mother's handwriting; "1st May, 1549, my son Bernard was born. Lord, conduct him in thy ways! Lord shield him from all harm!" George bit his lip violently, and threw down the book. Bernard observed the gesture, and imagining that some impious thought had come into his brother's head, he gravely took up the Bible, put it in an embroidered case, and locked it in a drawer, with every mark of great respect.

"It is my mother's Bible," he said.

"The captain paced the apartment, but made no reply."

According to the established rule in such cases—a rule laid down for the especial behoof, benefit, and accommodation of romance writers—the hero of a hundred duels falls by the maiden sword of the tyro, who escapes with a slight wound. So signal a triumph makes the reputation of Mergy. His wound healed, and all danger of persecution by the powerful family of Comminges at an end, he reappears at court, and finds that he has in some sort inherited the respect and consideration formerly shown to his defunct rival. The politeness of the *raffinés* is as overpowering as their envy is ill concealed; and, as to the ladies, in those days the character of a successful duellist was a sure passport to their favor. The raw provincial, so lately unheeded, has but to throw his handkerchief, now that he has dabbled it in blood. But the only one of these sanguinary sultanas on whom Mergy bestows a thought, is not to be found. In vain does he seek, in the crowd of beauties who court his gaze, the pale cheek, blue eyes, and raven hair of Madame de Turgis. Soon after the duel, she had left Paris for one of her country seats, a departure attributed by the charitable to grief at the death of Comminges. Mergy knows better. Whilst laid up with his wound, and concealed in the house of an old woman, half doctress, half sorceress, he detected a masked lady, whom he recognized as De Turgis, performing for his cure, with the assist-



ance of the witch, certain mysterious incantations. They had procured Comminges' sword, and rubbed it with scorpion oil, "the sovereign'st thing on earth" to heal the wound the weapon had inflicted. And there was also a melting of a wax figure, intended as a love charm; and from all that passed, Bernard could not doubt that the countess had set her affections on him. So he waits patiently, and one morning, whilst his brother is reading the "Vie très-horifique de Pantagruel," and he himself is taking a guitar lesson from the Signor Uberto Vinibella, a wrinkled duenna brings him a scented note, closed with gold thread, and a large green seal, bearing a Cupid with finger on lips, and the Spanish word, *Callad*, enjoining silence.

The best picture of the massacre of St. Bartholomew we have read in a book of fiction, is given by M. Mérimée, in small compass and without unnecessary horrors. Less than an hour before its commencement, the countess informs her lover of the fate reserved for him and all of his faith. She urges and implores him to abjure his heresy; he steadfastly refuses—and she, her love redoubled by his courageous constancy, conceals him from the assassins. In the disguise of a monk, he escapes from Paris, and makes his way to La Rochelle, the last stronghold of the persecuted Protestants. On the road he falls in with another refugee, the *lanzknecht* Captain Dietrich Hornstein, similarly disguised and bound to the same place. There is an excellent scene at a country inn, where four ruffians, their hands reeking with Protestant blood, compel the false Franciscans to baptize a pair of pullets by the names of carp and perch, that they may not sin by eating fowl on Friday. Mergy at last loses patience, and breaks a bottle over one of their heads; and a fight ensues, in which the bandits are worsted. The two Huguenots reach La Rochelle, which is soon afterwards besieged by the king's troops. In a sortie, Bernard forms an ambuscade, into which his brother unfortunately falls, and receives a mortal wound. Taken into La Rochelle, he is laid upon a bed to die; and, refusing the spiritual assistance of Catholic priest and Protestant minister, he accelerates his death by a draught from Hornstein's wine flask, and strives to comfort Bernard, who is frantic with remorse.

"He again closed his eyes, but soon reopened them and said to Mergy: 'Madame de Turgis bade me assure you of her love.' He smiled gently. These were his last words. In a quarter of an hour he died, without appearing to suffer much. A few minutes later Beville expired in the arms of the monk, who afterwards declared that he had distinctly heard in the air the cries of joy of the angels who received the soul of the penitent, whilst subterranean demons responded with a yell of triumph as they bore away the spiritual part of Captain George."

"It is to be seen in any history of France, how La Noue left La Rochelle, disgusted with civil wars and tormented by his conscience, which reproached him for bearing arms against his king; how the Catholic army was compelled to raise the siege, and how the fourth peace was made, soon followed by the death of Charles IX.

"Did Mergy console himself? Did Diana take another lover? I leave it to the decision of the reader, who thus will end the romance to his own liking."

By his countrymen, M. Mérimée's short tales were the most esteemed of his writings. He pro-

duces them at intervals much too long to please the editor and readers of the periodical in which they have for some time appeared—the able and excellent *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Once in eighteen months, or two years, he throws a few pages to the public, which, like a starved hound to whom a scanty meal is tossed, snaps eagerly at the gift whilst growling at the niggardliness of the giver; and the publisher of the *Revue* knows that he may safely print an extra thousand copies of a number containing a novel by Prosper Mérimée. Now and then M. Mérimée comes out with a criticism of a foreign book. His last was a review of "Grote's Greece," and he has also written a paper on "Borrow's Spanish Rambles." A man of great erudition and extensive travel, he is thoroughly master of many languages, and, writing about foreign countries and people, steers clear of the absurd blunders into which some of his contemporaries, of respectable talents and attainments, not unfrequently fall. His English officer and lady in Colombia are excellent; very different from the absurd caricatures of Englishmen one is accustomed to see in French novels. He is equally truthful in his Spanish characters. A great lover of things Spanish, he has frequently visited, and still visits, the Peninsula. In 1831 he published in the *Revue de Paris*, three charming letters from Madrid. The action of most of his tales passes in Spain or Corsica, or the south of France, although he now and then dashes at Parisian society. With this he has unquestionably had ample opportunity to become acquainted, for he is a welcome guest in the best circles of the French capital. Still we must hope there is some flaw in the glasses through which he has observed the gay world of Paris. The "Vase Etrusque" is one of his sketches of modern French life, in the style of the "Double Méprise," but better. It is a most amusing and spirited tale, but unnecessarily immoral. Had the heroine been virtuous, the interest of the story would in no way have suffered, so far as we can see; and that which attaches to her, as a charming and unhappy woman, would have been augmented. This opinion, however, would be scoffed at on the other side of the Channel, and set down as a piece of English prudery. And perhaps, instead of grumbling at M. Mérimée for making the Countess Mathilde the mistress of Saint Clair—which nothing compelled him to do—we ought thankfully to acknowledge his moderation in contenting himself with a quiet intrigue between unmarried persons, instead of favoring us with a flagrant case of adultery, as in the "Double Méprise," or initiating us into the very profane mysteries of *opératic figurantes*, as in "Arsène Guillot." Even in France, where he is so greatly and justly admired, this last tale was severely censured, as bringing before the public eye phases of society that ill bear the light. Fidelity to life in his scenes and characters is a high quality in an author, and one possessed in a high degree by M. Mérimée; but he has been sometimes too bold and cynical in the choice and treatment of his subjects. "*La Partie de Tric-trac*," and "*L'Enlèvement de la Redoute*," are amongst his happiest efforts. Both are especially remarkable for their terse and vigorous style. We have been prodigal of extracts from "Charles IX."—for it is a great favorite of ours—and, although well known and much esteemed by all habitual readers of French novels, it is hitherto, we believe, untranslated into English. But we shall still make room for—

## THE STORMING OF THE REDOUBT.

"I rejoined the regiment on the evening of the 4th September. I found the colonel at the bivouac. At first he received me rather roughly; but after reading General B.'s letter of recommendation, he changed his manner, and spoke a few obliging words. He presented me to my captain, who had just returned from a reconnaissance. This captain, whom I had little opportunity to become acquainted with, was a tall dark man, of hard and repulsive physiognomy. He had been a private soldier, and won his cross and his epaulets on the battle-field. His voice, hoarse and weak, contrasted strangely with his gigantic stature. They told me he was indebted for this singular voice to a bullet that had passed completely through his body at Jena.

"On hearing that I came from the school at Fontainebleau, he made a wry face, and said, 'My lieutenant died yesterday.'—I understood that he meant to say, 'You are to replace him, and you are not able.' A sharp word rose to my lips, but I repressed it.

"The moon rose behind the redoubt of Cheverino, situate at twice cannon-shot from our bivouac. She was large and red, as is common at her rising; but that night she seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the black outline of the redoubt stood out against the moon's brilliant disc, resembling the cone of a volcano at the moment of an eruption.

"An old soldier, who stood near me, noticed the color of the moon. 'She is very red,' he said; 'tis a sign that yon famous redoubt will cost us dear.' I was always superstitious and this augury, just at that moment, affected me. I lay down, but could not sleep; I got up and walked for some time, gazing at the immense line of fires covering the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

"When I deemed my blood sufficiently cooled by the fresh night air, I returned to the fire, wrapped myself carefully in my cloak, and shut my eyes, hoping not to reopen them till daylight. But sleep shunned me. Insensibly my thoughts took a gloomy turn. I said to myself, that I had not one friend amongst the hundred thousand men covering that plain. If I were wounded, I should be in an hospital, carelessly treated by ignorant surgeons. All that I had heard of surgical operations returned to my memory. My heart beat violently; and mechanically I arranged, as a species of cuirass, the handkerchief and portfolio that I carried in the breast of my uniform. I was overwhelmed by fatigue, and continually fell into a dose, but as often as I did so, some sinister idea awoke me with a start. Fatigue, however, at last got the upper hand, and I was fast asleep when the *revellé* sounded. We formed up, the roll was called, then arms were piled, and according to all appearance the day was to pass quietly.

"Towards three o'clock an aid-de-camp arrived with an order. We resumed our arms; our skirmishers spread themselves over the plain; we followed slowly; and in twenty minutes we saw the Russian pickets withdraw to the redoubt. A battery of artillery took post on our right hand, another on our left, but both considerably in advance. They opened a vigorous fire upon the enemy, who replied with energy, and soon the redoubt of Cheverino disappeared behind a cloud of smoke.

"Our regiment was almost protected from the

Russian fire by a ridge. Their bullets, which seldom came in our direction—for they preferred aiming them at the artillery—passed over our heads, or at most sent earth and pebbles in our faces.

"When we had received the order to advance, my captain looked at me with an attention which made me pass my hand two or three times over my young mustache, in the most cavalier manner I could assume. I felt no fear, save that of being thought to feel it. These harmless cannon-balls contributed to maintain me in my heroic calmness. My vanity told me that I ran a real danger, since I was under fire of a battery. I was enchanted to feel myself so much at my ease, and I thought with what pleasure I should narrate the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino in the drawing-room of Madame de B——, Rue de Provence.

"The colonel passed along the front of our company and spoke to me. 'Well!' he said, 'you will see sharp work for your first affair.'

"I smiled most martially, and brushed my coat-sleeve, on which a ball, fallen about thirty paces from me, had sent a little dust.

"It seems the Russians perceived how small was the effect of their round shot, for they replaced them by shells, which could reach us better in the hollow where we were posted. A tolerably large fragment of one of these knocked off my shako and killed a man beside me.

"I congratulate you,' said the captain, as I picked up my shako. 'You are safe for to-day.' I knew the military superstition which holds the maxim *Non bis in idem* to be as applicable on a battle-field as in a court of justice. I proudly replaced my shako on my head. 'An unceremonious way of making people bow,' said I, as gayly as I could. Under the circumstances, this poor joke appeared excellent. 'I congratulate you,' repeated the captain; 'you will not be hit again, and to-night you will command a company, for I feel that my turn is coming. Every time I have been wounded, the officer near me has received a spent ball, and,' he added in a low voice, and almost ashamed, 'all their names began with a P.'

"I affected to laugh at such superstitions. Many would have done as I did—many would have been struck, as I was, by these prophetic words. As a raw recruit I understood that I must keep my feelings to myself, and always appear coldly intrepid.

"After half an hour the Russian fire sensibly slackened; then we emerged from our cover to march against the redoubt. Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was charged to take the redoubt in flank on the side of the gorge; the two others were to deliver the assault. I was in the third battalion.

"On appearing from behind the sort of ridge that had protected us, we were received by several volleys of musketry, which did little harm in our ranks. The whistling of the bullets surprised me: I turned my head several times, thus incurring the jokes of my comrades, to whom the noise was more familiar. 'All things considered,' said I to myself, 'a battle is not such a terrible thing.'

"We advanced at a storming pace, preceded by skirmishers. Suddenly the Russians gave three hurrahs, very distinct ones, and then remained silent and without firing. 'I don't like that silence,' said my captain. 'It bodes us little good.' I thought our soldiers rather too noisy, and I could not help internally comparing the tumultuous clamor with the imposing stillness of the enemy.

"We rapidly attained the foot of the redoubt;

the palisades had been broken, and the earth ploughed by our cannonade. With shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' louder than might have been expected from fellows who had already shouted so much, our soldiers dashed over the ruins.

"I looked up, and never shall I forget the spectacle I beheld. The great mass of smoke had arisen, and hung suspended like a canopy twenty feet above the redoubt. Through a gray mist were seen the Russian grenadiers, erect behind their half-demolished parapet, with levelled arms, and motionless as statues. I think I still see each individual soldier, his left eye riveted on us, the right one hidden by his musket. In an embrasure, a few feet from us, stood a man with a lighted fuse in his hand.

"I shuddered, and thought my last hour was come. 'The dance is going to begin,' cried my captain. 'Good-night.' They were the last words I heard him utter.

"The roll of drums resounded in the redoubt. I saw the musket muzzles sink. I shut my eyes, and heard a frightful noise, followed by cries and groans. I opened my eyes surprised to find myself still alive. The redoubt was again enveloped in smoke. Dead and wounded men lay all around me. My captain was stretched at my feet; his head had been smashed by a cannon-ball, and I was covered with his blood and brains. Of the whole company, only six men and myself were on their legs.

"A moment of stupefaction followed this carnage. Then the colonel, putting his hat on the point of his sword, ascended the parapet, crying '*Vive l'Empereur!*' He was instantly followed by all the survivors. I have no clear recollection of what then occurred. We entered the redoubt, I know not how. They fought hand to hand in the middle of a smoke so dense that they could not see each other. I believe I fought too, for my sabre was all bloody. At last I heard a shout of victory, and, the smoke diminishing, I saw the redoubt completely covered with blood and dead bodies. About two hundred men in French uniform stood in a group, without military order, some loading their muskets, others wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

"Our colonel lay bleeding on a broken tumbrel. Several soldiers were attending to him as I drew near. 'Where is the senior captain?' said he to a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a most expressive manner. 'And the senior lieutenant?' 'Here is *Monsieur*, who joined yesterday,' replied the sergeant, in a perfectly calm tone. The colonel smiled bitterly. 'You command in chief, sir,' he said to me; 'make haste to fortify the gorge of the redoubt with those carts, for the enemy is in force; but General C. will send you a support.'—'Colonel,' said I, 'you are badly

wounded.'—'*Foutre, mon cher*, but the redoubt is taken.'"

"*Carmen*," M. Mérimée's latest production, appeared a few months since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which appears to have got the monopoly of his pen, as it has of many of the cleverest pens in France. "*Carmen*" is a graceful and animated sketch, in style as brilliant as anything by the same author—in the character of its incidents less strikingly original than some of his other tales. It is a story of Spanish life, not in cities and palaces, in court or camp, but in the *barranca* and the forest, the gypsy suburb of Seville, the woodland bivouac and smuggler's lair. *Carmen* is a gypsy, a sort of Spanish Esmeralda, but without the good qualities of Hugo's charming creation. She has no *Djali*; she is fickle and mercenary, the companion of robbers, the instigator of murder. She inveigles a young soldier from his duty, leads him into crime, deceives and betrays him, and finally meets her death at his hand. M. Mérimée has been much in Spain, and—unlike some of his countrymen, who apparently go thither with the sole view of spying out the nakedness of the land and making odious comparisons, and who, in their excess of patriotic egotism, prefer Versailles to the Alhambra, and the Bal Mabille to a village *sandango*—he has a vivid perception of the picturesque and characteristic, of the *couleur locale*, to use the French term, whether in men or manners, scenery or costume, and he embodies his impressions in pointed and sparkling phrase. As an antiquarian and linguist, he unites qualities precious for the due appreciation of Spain. Well versed in the Castilian, he also displays a familiarity with the Cantabrian tongue—that strange and difficult *Vasconce* which the Evil One himself, according to a provincial proverb, spent seven years of fruitless labor in endeavoring to acquire. And he patters *Romani*, the mysterious jargon of the gitanos, in a style no way inferior—so far as we can discover—to Bible Borrow himself. That gentleman, by the bye, when next he goes a missionarying, would find M. Mérimée an invaluable auxiliary, and the joint narrative of their adventures would doubtless be in the highest degree curious. The grave earnestness of the Briton would contrast curiously with the lively, half-scoffing tone of the witty and learned Frenchman. Indeed, there would be danger of persons of such opposite character falling out upon the road, and fighting a mortal duel, with the king of the gypsies for bottle-holder. The proverbial jealousy between persons of the same trade might prove another motive of strife. Both are dealers in the romantic. And "*Carmen*," related as the personal experience of the author during an archaeological tour in Andalusia in the autumn of 1830, is as graphic and fascinating as any chapter of the great tract-monger's remarkable wanderings.

From the Examiner.

O'CONNELL.

THERE have been times when the death of O'Connell would have had mighty consequences; it has now none. It does not arrest any great cause; it does not loose any important restraints; it does not deliver a government from a dreaded enemy or a dangerous ally; it does not give up a people to confusion or to misguidance. None ask, "What are we to do without him?" He is deplored by millions, but their mourning for him will be un-

mixed with concern for any one practical object dependent on his exertions. His name fills the world, but what has he left behind him to attest designs proportionate to his fame and his powers? Nothing but the repeal bubble. His legacy to his country is a dream.

O'Connell has been a man of one great act—Catholic emancipation. From the passing of the relief bill, all is barrenness in his career, except the cultivation of his own influence. He brought the Catholics into parliament, and he did nothing with them for their country's good when they were



there. He proposed no measures of improvement for Ireland; he was not even very strenuous in opposing mischievous legislation, and the best exertions against the coercion bills were not his. No man ever cried to Hercules with so much vehemence and perseverance, but putting his shoulder to the wheel was not amongst his habits. In the legislature he did nothing for Ireland but declaim; he was not the author of any remedial measures. If he had any in his mind, he reserved them for the College Green Parliament.

Yet we cannot doubt that O'Connell was a sincere patriot as regarded Ireland. He loved his country, and he loved not England; but in legislation for England, which he loved not, he was almost uniformly the ally, and the very effective ally, of the English reformers, while for Ireland he made no similar exertions. He was the first to counsel the abandonment of the appropriation question, and was never amongst the foremost assailants of the great grievance of his country—the church establishment of another faith. From the attainment of emancipation, O'Connell confined himself mainly to the proposal of the impossible. He organized, drilled, and disciplined for repeal, and repeal only, and by the moral force only by which it was unattainable.

Amongst his services we have always rated as most valuable, his weaning the Irish from violence, and teaching them reliance on the moral force. But the lesson, though good as far as it went, was incomplete, for in teaching reliance on the moral force, he set the example of using very immoral weapons. He wanted respect for truth, and he had recourse to falsehood whenever it suited his views or passions. His representations were shaped, without any regard to fact, for the purpose of the moment; and as purposes changed, so they varied, and men were black and white, and white and black; base, bloody, and brutal, or very angels of goodness, over and over again. If, in teaching reliance on the moral force, O'Connell had taught the Irish the much wanted lesson that to the moral force truth is the first and last essential, the alpha and omega, he would have been a benefactor indeed. But he was too well pleased to be a demagogue to be a regenerator, and accordingly he had the vices of a demagogue; but no demagogue of the same giant proportions had ever less of them. He was chargeable with omitting many opportunities of good, but the mischief in his power which he did not do also was of vast range. Considering his potency, he did not presume on it, and there were periods when he acted with the greatest moderation and upon the most reasonable views. It is to be remarked, however, that, though sometimes he hazarded his popularity for very judicious party considerations, he never ran the same risks for purely moral objects. He denounced assassination indeed, in which he was sure to have the sympathy of the great mass of the people, but we do not remember his ever venturing to proclaim unpopular truths, or to expose popular delusions and vanities. He dealt profusely in national flattery. This was, doubtless, very much a vice incidental to his false position, living as he did from hand to mouth upon popularity. He had given up all to his country, unfortunately not excepting his candor. It was a great fault of the whigs that they did not raise O'Connell to the bench in '30; his legal qualifications were undeniable; the soundest lawyers recognized them, and by leaving him in the

position in which he had placed himself, they left him no resource but in endless agitation sure to be mischievous. It is a significant fact that the Irish character has not risen under O'Connell's leadership; while he organized the people for power, he lowered them in respect.

Setting aside the force of circumstances, there was nothing dangerous to authority in O'Connell. He was no democrat at heart. Had he lived in the days of James the Second, he would have been a devoted partisan of the worst of kings. As it was, he leaned to the right divine, and was the apologist of tyranny abroad, and the ally of despotism, so that it was conjoined with bigotry and priestcraft.

It has been doubted whether O'Connell was the zealot in religion he appeared to be, or not; but if originally assumed to gain over the priesthood, we incline to think that it had become by habit a part of his character, and a part it was with a monkish shade far from agreeable. Whenever it was brought out either in public or private, it darkened his mind and manners. But to this cause alone we cannot ascribe a fact which is very remarkable—that O'Connell had so few personal friends in his own class, or near it. He had some hangers-on of no mark, but his friends amongst the gentry of Ireland and England were scanty indeed. The injustice of his trial warmed many generous minds to a feeling towards him which for the moment wore the show of friendship, but it cooled to indifference again marvellously soon. Yet in society O'Connell was not without his advantages. He was urbane, generally well-informed, and a particularly good historian; his fault in private was being too much of an actor, and he was often heard to repeat the same stories in precisely the same words and accents, and with precisely the same gestures. There was a prevailing distrust of his sincerity, and people associated with him as they might do with a sleek tiger. One half the educated classes were obstinately prejudiced against him, and would not think well of him, no matter what his deserts might have been; the other half would have been glad to think well of him, but he would not let them; his excesses in vituperation, his unscrupulousness, his disregard of truth, repelled them. In history these circumstances will not appear; he will there figure with a nation round him which will blot out of view the place which friendship did not occupy.

How O'Connell will look to posterity we cannot conjecture. To the present age he towers incomparably over all contemporaries; but posterity, in its contempt of our bigotries, and our big-and-little-endian dispute, may not perhaps duly appreciate the prowess of the champion who broke the fetters of Catholic Ireland, and after that truly great exploit, brought her into the most formidable array for an undertaking as feasible as the storming of the moon.

FRANCE.—The Chamber of Deputies have negatived, by 187 to 162, the motion for establishing a reduced and uniform penny postage. The papers are indignant; even the ministerial *Journal des Débats* promising better success in future.

A SMALL PRESENT.—"I will give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquien, "if every word of the story I have related is not true." "I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE INJURED WIFE.—A NEW ARRIVAL.

"THERE'S a young lady's footstep," we cried; and Blossoms received the intelligence as though prepared for it.

"No doubt it's my rib—that is, the young lady that sat up last night—coming, with Carraways," said Blossoms. "It's about dinner. Get behind that holly-bush, and you'll see how Miss Griffin—she's a wonderful woman—teaches her gals everything. This young lady, you'll find, is learning the Injured Wife."

We followed the direction of Blossoms, and saw Miss Palmer—meek, blue-eyed Palmer—accompanied by her guardian, Carraways, slowly move down the walk. Yes; behind the holly-boughs—like hopeless love—we gazed at beauty through a maze of thorns. Palmer—though significantly encouraged by the elbow of Carraways—could not carry her injuries with dignity. Her face was as fair, bright, and open, as though she had gone to early sleep with the lilies of last night; and had not, until three in the morning, now winked at the *Wives of England* and now snuffed the drowsy candles. Surely, we thought, no temper—small, domestic thunder-cloud—will ever threaten in those soft blue eyes; no words, like swarm of angry bees, will ever issue from that honeyed mouth. It is quite impossible, we thought, that the wedding-ring can score one sharp or angry line about those lips, now so frankly, sweetly ripe! And then we remembered that we looked at youth and beauty on the other side of the holly-bush—and we thought of the piercing, cruel thorns that might oppose them in the worldly way.

Miss Palmer, timidly as a dove, approached Blossoms, and tried to frown. Beautiful are such trials, that is, most beautiful in their failure. Success, as sometimes in other matters, spoils all. And therefore let wives—if they *will* be prettily wayward—let them, by all means, try to frown; but—oh, ye household gods, that pinch dimples in unwrinkled cheeks! never let them succeed. At such a time, defeat gives to them the sweetest grace.

Miss Palmer tried to speak upbraidingly; but her lips broke into a set of smiles, and her full white throat seemed as though swallowing her laughter. "That will never do, Miss," said Carraways, in a low voice. "If you don't frown, and speak your mind, you'll always be put upon. Look at me."

Hereupon, Carraways—rehearsing the Injured Wife—threw back her head, and swept up to Blossoms. In a moment, there was a storm in every corner of her face; black and all black. Her lips were bent, and, to our thought, barbed like fish-hooks. Carraways was a spinster! but it was clear she had great imaginative powers; for it was impossible to look connubial injury more to connubial life. Blossoms—not sufficiently hardened in the iniquities of a husband—acknowledged the fine ideality of the passion; for he dropt his head, and shook like a tame rabbit, eyed by a snake.

"And I suppose," said Carraways, rehearsing with energy, "I suppose Mr. Blossoms, you call yourself a man!"

"Why—yes—that is if I may be so bold,"—and then he took breath, and courageously added—"my dear."

"Don't dear me, Mr. Blossoms; you know I hate it." Nevertheless, a little bit of red and white dawned in Carraways' face; and her eye

broke with a mild forgiving light upon the fictitious husband.

"Pray, Mr. Blossoms, if I may be allowed to ask the question, do you dine at home to-day?"

"Yes, darling"—and Carraways affected to shiver at the endearment—"in course. Never so happy, you know, as when at home—never. So my love"—Carraways remained very calm—"my dear, I don't know what it is that's put it into my head, but—what *do* you think of a little mutton broth?"

"Mutton broth," said Carraways, evidently relenting, "I'm sure it's a shame to put innocent sheep to any such use. Mutton broth!"

"Well, you do make it so nice, my dear," said Blossoms, "you fairly drive me to it. 'Tisn't the drink at night as I care for, but the mutton broth next day. I never drink it, my darling, that I don't feel virtuous for a week; perhaps more."

"You don't deserve that anybody should care a bit for you," said Carraways, observing that Miss Palmer had wandered into another walk. The teacher, however, was not made the less earnest in her task by the neglect of her pupil; certainly not. For, moved by the passion of her assumed part, she sidled, wife-like, nearer to Blossoms, and looking in his eyes, and holding out her hand, she repeated the opinion, that he was undeserving of the love of any mortal creature.

Mr. Blossoms—not to be behind-hand as a husband—took the proffered palm, squeezed it, and with the quickness of a serpent, as Carraways afterwards declared, wound his arm about her waist. At this harmonious moment, the voice of Fluke—like a bird's—rang through the garden.

"Palmer, dear—Palmer!"—cried Miss Fluke, and she came bounding, floating down the path.

"Here, love," answered Miss Palmer, turning a tall white rose-bush; and, to our fancy, looking as though, dryad-like, she was a part of it. "Here, dearest."

"Oh, come away from this nonsense," said Fluke, running up to her.

"Nonsense!" cried Carraways; "are you aware, Miss Fluke, that Miss Palmer is pursuing her studies?"

"Studies! I say, all nonsense. Miss Griffin might as well teach people how to sleep. Do you suppose when I'm married, I shan't know how to scold my husband? Teach ducks to swim. I warrant me! You only find the husband, and I'll find the injuries."

"I shall report your conduct to Miss Griffin," said Carraways, and with rigid eyelids she walked to the house, Mr. Blossoms, a little sheepishly as we thought, taking another way.

"Miss Griffin!" exclaimed Fluke. "Why, you see this little thumb, Palmer?" And the young lady exhibited one of the smallest and prettiest samples of thumbs we ever beheld. "Well, Miss Griffin, as tall as she is, is right under it."

"You never say so!" cried the simple Palmer.

"Why, what do you know?"

"I know that when people suffer people—specially when people are of a certain age—to go down upon one knee to 'em, why, then people ought first to stop up the key-hole."

"Why, you never mean"—and Miss Palmer, in excess of wonder, could say no more.

"Don't I mean? But I do though. And when, too, people leave letters for people in the strawberry beds! Bless your heart, I know everything. That Miss Griffin is as much my slave—only I would n't hurt her, poor soul—as much as if she

was any blackamoor. Why, that Mr. Corks is a play-actor."

"You never say so!" cried Miss Palmer, really alarmed.

"A positive play-actor, my dear. He played the *Ghost* in *Hamlet* when Miss Griffin fell in love with him."

"In love! Miss Griffin! Oh, Fluke," cried Palmer; "you scandalizing little creature."

"Fell into love—or rather, walked into love; for people don't fall into it at her time of life. Well, she admired him for his deep voice and full figure. For a whole week she was going about the house, thinking of him. One day—you were at home then—one day, at the Pie-crust Class, not thinking of any of us, she held up the rolling-pin, and said in a solemn way to herself, 'Remember me!' All the girls stared; but I shouted out, 'Alas, poor ghost!' Well, she colored up so, I wonder she didn't set her cap a fire."

"You *do* surprise me," cried the mild Palmer. "But are you sure, love?"

"Sure! I've got the play-bill in my box; and unless Griffin behaves herself, some of these days won't I flourish it!"

"Girls, girls," cried a bouncing brunette—Sophy Candytuft, aged eighteen—as she ran down the garden, followed by two or three giggling wenches

—"Girls, what do you think? There's a letter come from Miss Ruffler, that went to India, as governess says, upon the Marriage Service."

"Well, is she married?" asked Miss Palmer.

"Married, to be sure she is married," said Candytuft, "and sent us a turtle."

"Real, or mock!" exclaimed Fluke, jumping and clapping her hands.

"You foolish creature," replied Candytuft, "a live turtle. And moreover, there's such a handsome young officer, with his edges trimmed with gold, that's brought it."

"La!" cried Fluke, "a handsome officer! What have they done with him! Not tied him up, I hope."

"He's now in the parlor," cried Miss Candytuft, and Fluke and Palmer immediately—without at all thinking of the matter—arranged their curls, and gave a twitch here and there to their gowns.

"I hope they'll not bring him here," said the gentle Palmer.

"I hope they will," cried Fluke. "Tell me, Candytuft—has he got black eyes—curly hair—and a skin of nice sailor brown?"

"Miss Fluke!" exclaimed Miss Candytuft.

But at this moment Miss Griffin appeared at the top of the walk; and in her hand an unfolded letter.

#### LINES

*On leaving a place where one had dwelt many years.*

THERE are some moments in each life  
With strange and wayward feelings rife,  
When certain words and certain things  
Strike on the heart unwonted strings,  
And waken forth some solemn tone  
There nature yet has never known;  
And it is thus—when from some place,  
As from a long-familiar face,  
Though you may wish the chain to sever,  
Still are you sad to part forever.  
Perchance 't was an unlovely spot,  
Perchance, too, that you loved it not—  
Perchance that in that place had been  
Dramas of many a cloudy scene—  
That there the first fresh tear was wept,  
Or youth's impatient vigil kept,  
That not a day you there had spent  
Kept its unchequered merriment,  
Marked by the free heart's earliest throes,  
And chronicled by childhood's woes;  
Though soulless men may wonder why  
You heaved the involuntary sigh,  
And how the loss your soul oppress  
Of that ill-cherished when possess;  
Yet when the thinking eye has cast  
One look, and knows it is *the last*;  
And while that look is fixed behind,  
In every melancholy wind,  
A myriad sorrowing voices come,  
The sighs of a remembered home,  
A long and terrible farewell,  
Pronounced by lips invisible:  
When many an eye with rapture gleaming,  
And many a smile with joyance teeming,  
That may have saved you from despair,  
Or lightened up your sojourn there,  
By after-misery sorely tried,  
In death embalmed and sanctified,  
Have a new life within your brain,  
And seem to gaze and beat again—  
Then thoughts of pain are all forgot,  
And pleasure's memory passes not;

Yet this, by some distortion strange,  
Its very being fain must change,  
And dim with gloom that parting hour,  
Using a stern reflective power,  
As the low trembling spirit strays  
Amid the smiles of other days.

These are the *eras* of existence,  
The seasons these when all resistance  
To times and fates must ever seem  
A futile, unconsoling dream.  
So much of life we feel is past,  
Whene'er we murmur forth "the last;"  
So nearer are we to the shore  
Where time and things of time are o'er—  
Where all is present, and the past  
Of aught can never be the last.

R. M. MILNES.

My inclination to clearness of conception is engaged in perpetual strife with my desire to give myself up to the warmth of my fancy. Now I would gladly be all heart, and now all head. But I am most a contradiction of myself when I obey only the ardent impulses of the former. Hence, I often advance opinions, the groundlessness of which I myself perceive, but in favor of which my heart is prepossessed. How often do I envy those from whom an ever-active imagination hides the weakness of the thoughts which warm, and inspire them, and make them happy! At times, by the power of imagination, I am worked up into an enthusiasm for some darling opinion, which carries cool reason away with it. I like to indulge in these flights of fancy most of all when in the company of others; and I seek to impart to them my own ardor. I often defend to others what I do not myself really believe. Yet, I am no hypocrite in this; I do but hide my head and uncover my heart.—*Richter*.

When, in your last hour, (think of this,) all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away, and sink into inanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment—then will the flower of belief, which blossoms even in the night, remain to refresh you with its fragrance in the last darkness.



From the Hartford Religious Herald.

## THE AWAKENING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THEREMIN.

*Wife.* Thou hast slept well?

*Husband.* As never before. Not even in childhood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father—thou rememberest him well—when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were waiting for him, used to say in answer to our inquiry how he had slept, "like the blessed." Like the blessed, I might say, have I slept; or rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself new quickened; as if all weariness, and all need of sleep, were gone forever. Such vigor is in my limbs, such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly, if I would.

*W.* And you are pleased with this place?

*H.* Indeed, I must say, we have been in many a beautiful place together; but this is wonderful and beautiful beyond description. What trees! actually heaven high! They bear blossoms and fruit together. Their branches swaying to the morning wind cause the tree-tops all to give forth melody, as if a host of feathered singers dwelt in them. Behind the trees, the mountains tower up. Their majestic forms rigidly defined in the pure air, and here and there glowing with all the hues of sunrise and sunset, stretch along their sides, or float over their summits. Upon the highest peak, out of a milk-white, translucent, shimmering mist, there spring, as it were, the gates and towers and palaces of a splendid city. From this peak nearest us there seems to gush a mighty water, which I may call a sea rather than a stream, and which, nevertheless, leaps down the numerous terraces of the mountain, not with fearful roaring, but with a melodious sound. Wide about us are sprinkled the drops which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstasy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriant and how thickly strown with wonderful flowers. We wander over it, and yet the spires of grass are not broken, nor are the flowers crushed by our footsteps. 'Tis a solitary place; yet on all sides vistas open to us, and the horizon tempts us ever further and further on.

*W.* Hast thou seen all this often before, or dost thou see it to-day for the first time?*H.* Notwithstanding all is so homelike to me here, and though everything greets me as something long beloved, yet when I think of it, I must say no, I have never been here before.*W.* And dost thou not wonder to see me again at thy side?*H.* Indeed, and hast thou not, somehow, always been near me?*W.* In a certain sense, I have; but in another, not so. 'Tis long since thine eyes have seen me. I disappeared from them once.*H.* Ah! now there sweeps over my memory as it were a dark cloud—days of anxiety, and nights spent in weeping—only the painful thoughts and emotions which so recently absorbed me. Now they elude my grasp; I cannot distinctly comprehend them, they appear to me something mysterious.*W.* Think on the fourteenth of February.*H.* Now, now it is all clear to me. It was near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. We had feared much for thee, but still had hope. Suddenly a faintness came over thee; thou didst lean thy

head upon my breast; didst sink back with a deep sigh; thou diedst—yes, it is all over, thou art dead.

*W.* I am dead; and yet see, I live.*H.* If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream?*W.* Thou dreamest not, for thou art awake.*H.* Or, art thou sent down from heaven to earth, that I should see thee again for a short time, and then anew through long years lament thy disappearance?*W.* No, henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here; where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, such waters? Look at thyself; thou didst go about yonder bowed beneath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk, thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself; has it always been with thy heart as now?*H.* Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever-swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I feel thy hand in mine—then I must say I am blessed, I am in heaven.*W.* Thou art.*H.* And then must I be actually dead.*W.* Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought. Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not, by day and night, found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forthwelling tears? Was there not then a deep mist, and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over everything around thee?*H.* I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank thee that thou hast fulfilled this so great thing in me—that thou hast led me to such high happiness—to such great honor; *dead, and happy to be dead.* Thou knowest, O Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often I have prayed that thou thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour; that thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death. Now, O Lord, that thou hast heard this, as all my other prayers, thou hast in this, as in all things, eternally shown thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is; but this much I know, death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.*W.* Whither wouldst thou go?*H.* Canst thou ask? To whom else but to Him? All is beautiful and lovely here; these trees, these flowers, this down-streaming water, this coolness which breathes over flowers and trees, and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which, after so long a separation, after so many tears, I enjoy again; but not even all this satisfies me. HIMSELF I must see. Let him adorn his heaven as beautifully as he may, that cannot compensate for the loss of his presence. What was impossible, he has made possible; so long, so unweariedly, so faithfully has he worked in me, that I might be capable of bliss! Even before I was born he chose. Where is the little earth! Yonder it spins, how far from here! In what darkness it is veiled! I would not again return to it. He has condescended

to go down thither, has trod its dust with his sacred feet, has endured hunger and thirst, has died. Ah! he will quicken my vision that I may pierce deeper than heretofore the abyss of his death-pains. There he won me for his own, and that I, his dearly purchased one, should not again be lost to him, he has from my earliest years given me his ceaseless care. Much that he has done for me have I already learned upon the earth, now I know more; and I shall know still more in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong; my heart will burst; I must away to him, see him, thank him—if I am capable of thanking him—if, in this overpowering bliss, thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W. Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then, be patient. I am sent to thee, to tell thee that such is his will.

H. Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to his without a struggle. I had thought it wholly insupportable not to see him here. Yet I not only bear it, but bear it cheerfully. He wills this; I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from him, then must he have spoken with thee. He has already spoken many words with thee?

W. Already many.

H. O thou truly blessed one! Canst thou tell how it was with thee, when he for the first time spake with thee?

W. As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.

H. As thou sawest him for the first time didst thou instantly recognize him?

W. Instantly.

H. How!—By that particular glory in which he outshines all angels?

W. He has no need to clothe himself in splendor; we know him without that.

H. Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognize him, without any one saying to me, that is he?

W. Thine own heart will tell thee.

H. How will he really seem to me, severe or gentle? Below, when I cried to him out of the darkness of my earth life, he often answered me with sternness.

W. There below he is constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here, it is no longer necessary; here there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart; he can give free expression to his love. This love is infinite; on earth we could not fathom it,—as little can we do so here.

H. Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness?

W. In endless degrees; but then the highest are even as the most lowly, so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does he require of them; for he who ranks above the highest is himself the humblest of all. So, then, these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all one in him.

H. Lo, I have often thought me, if I only reach heaven, only dwell not with the enemies of the Lord, I shall be content to be the very least of all there. Thou, methought, wouldst soar in a much higher circle, and our children also when they left the earth. But then if only once in a thousand years, I might be counted worthy to see the Lord—still methought it would be enough for me.

W. Be trustful. Whom he receives, he receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way he has called us in his word?

H. Well do I know all that, and I see with what glory and honor he has crowned thee. Between thine image in thy last sickness, and that which now stands revealed to me—between that perishable flower, and the heavenly blossom—what a difference! No, this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade; this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here; thou wilt show me the glory of these heavenly mansions, and also wilt lead me to those other blessed ones who are dear to me.

W. Thou wilt see them as soon as thou hast seen the Lord.

H. How delightful was it of old when we sought our aged father in his cot. Our carriage rolled up; all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver, he who could find beauty in a single spire of grass, who smiled at a brighter sunbeam, he who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens, and adored the Creator of these worlds—what must he experience here, where the wonders of Omnipotence lie all open and unveiled before him! He who in silent joy of his heart thanked the Lord for his beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary earthway—what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer. "We shall meet again," he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength, "we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace."

W. Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother, also.

H. My mother, who loved me with such unspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never known! I was but three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death-bed, and I was playing in the garden before the house, "What will become of my poor child!" she cried. Good mother! all that a man can be, thy son has become—an inhabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?

W. It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

H. Is X\*\* here?

W. Yes.

H. I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong; *why am I here?* But the dear souls whom I left behind me on earth, I would have some tidings of them; or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of reunion?

W. This question thou mayest speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

H. I do so; but I see nothing.

W. Look longer in this direction—and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

H. Perfectly. The place is familiar to me. It is the church-yard, where I placed thy mortal part, which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me; I often sought it, and kneeling upon the grave, raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both are now. Among beautiful trees and flowers, I thought, may she be wandering there. Among trees and flowers shall her body rest here. So a flower-garden, and a wilderness of blossoms sprung up, and every beautiful thing

which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

W. I knew it well. Look thitherward now. What seest thou?

H. Near thy grave another is open. The church-yard gate stands open, a corpse is borne forward; our children follow. Do ye weep, loved hearts, weep so bitterly! Could ye see us, as we see you, ye would not weep, or at the most only for longing. The body—my body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed; now rests my dust by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that heavenly peace which we now enjoy glide to your souls. But return hitherward often and seek the grave of your old parents. When ye meet and pray there we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth take his hand as ye go. He will guide you safely; your old parents have proved this! And one day will he bring us all together again.

W. Amen. Thus it will surely be.

H. Hearst thou those sounds? What may it be! Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea, and sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter and float through the wide heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and enrapturing. What may it be!

W. They are angel choirs, which from immeasurable distance answer one another.

H. What do they sing?

W. Ever of One, who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

H. For some time already a form moves about there.

W. Observe it more closely; and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

H. Pardon me, who am so lately called from the earth, an earthly childish comparison. At the home where I was born, thou knowest it well, though at the time thou wast no longer upon earth, I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to its cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants, and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery and many flowers; yet I knew every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it; each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it put on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully and grew thriftily, then found I a heart friend in it. Thus seems to me that man to be the gardener in this heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly, and in mildest radiance; but one can see that everything here is familiar to him. He casts around on all besides a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here. My heart! till this moment I have felt within me only soft soothing emotions; but now a tempest is rising in my breast; I am dizzy; heaven with its glory vanishes from my sight; I see him alone. Now pain returns again to this heart; yet in this pain there lives a higher blessedness. My soul burns with longing to approach him. Yes, he is indeed one known to me, though never before seen face to face. Now he turns hitherward, and looks upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself; I must away to him. I must say to him that I love him as I never loved aught before. He raises his hands—how! in those hands a mark, and from the mark rays darting forth! Yes, those are the pierced, the bleeding hands. He blesses us!

Deep in my heart I feel his blessing. Now know I that I am in heaven; now know I that this is he!

W. Away, then, to him.

A GEORGIA HAIL-STORM.—The following account of a hail-storm in Jasper county surpasses anything of the kind we have ever read. Those of our readers who know the writer need no endorsement of his statements.—*Augusta Sentinel*.

MONTICELLO, (Geo.) May 31, 1847.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Speaking of hail-storms, I can tell you of one that passed over a part of Jasper county on the evening of Monday, the 19th inst., that was somewhat more of a storm than those little evanescent affairs with which the newspaper readers are surfeited. Were you not well acquainted with me, I confess I should hesitate in my brief account, for fear of not being believed. In the neighborhood of Wise's Ferry, on the Ocmulgee, the storm was very fierce, but it was severest about two or three miles this side of the river.

The scene must have been terrific in the extreme. The hail fell as large as goose-eggs, and in quantities incredible to relate. Large banks of the stones yet lie in the corners of the fences, notwithstanding the very copious rains that have fallen since, and the bright sun of twelve clear days. Our boys are yet enjoying ice drinks from these unexhausted banks. It would be difficult to find a single head of wheat on any sized wheat-field in the immediate vicinity I am describing. Flocks of goats were killed, and the whole stock of hogs nearly destroyed. The horns of cows were broken off, and some persons severely injured. The forests are almost as leafless as in mid-winter, and present a most melancholy picture. Immense numbers of poultry, birds, snakes, and fish were destroyed. The orchards were stripped of their entire covering; and the trees so bruised as to leave no hope that they will survive.

I have seen post oak saplings, pines, and other trees, that were as completely bruised, from the root up, as if they had been struck a thousand hard blows with a heavy hammer, clearing the rough bark and indenting the wood at every blow. Some buzzards were destroyed while on the wing, as is supposed. As for corn, cotton, and the like, the fields give scarcely the slightest indication of having been planted. The houses appear as if they had been assailed by an army of Davids, and each man throwing his stone as if aimed at a giant. Such a disaster as this was never before witnessed "by the oldest inhabitant," that distinguished personage so often referred to on extraordinary occasions. I could fill a column with details as "rich and rare" as those recounted, but I forbear to trespass further upon your patience.

Among the principal sufferers from this storm in the neighborhood referred to, are John McCloskie, Jordan Pye, Major Lane, Floyd Malone, Jordan Campton, C. C. Hairston, and Ezekiel Fears, any one of whom could give you a thrilling account of the devastating scourge. Jasper county is rather unpretending in most things, but when it comes to hail-storms, she is "thar." I have taken the precaution to refer to some of the injured, in the event of any incredulous reader desiring a more definite and thoroughly authenticated account.

I am yours, in haste,  
JOSHUA HILL.

EVERY mile of railway takes eight acres of good land. The 1,800 miles already existing, and 20,000 miles impending, will require the snug quantity of 114,000 acres, without reclaiming any from other roads or canals.



From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

## EARLY RELATIONS OF FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE recent work of Lamartine, the *History of the Girondins*, has been attended by singular success in France. Though it has been published but a short period, fifteen thousand copies have already been sold. Some of his statements or strictures have, however, been questioned and criticised. We have already published the interesting letter of the daughter of Madame Roland. We publish to-day a translation of a letter from Mr. George Sumner, of Boston, which was addressed to Lamartine in the *Journal des Debats*, pointing out an injurious statement with regard to our country. Mr. Sumner's letter has found a generous response from distinguished Frenchmen; and Lamartine, while thanking him "for the calm, manly, and persuasive manner" in which he has presented his views, has promised in the "definitive edition" of his work, which is now going to press, not only to make the necessary rectifications, but to print his letter as a *piece justificative* in the appendix.

"PARIS, 28th May, 1847.

"SIR,—In a work which, like the *Histoire des Girondins*, seeks to portray faithfully events and men too near our own time to be calmly judged by most minds, and yet still too far off to be accurately studied, it is impossible but there should be expressions which wound the feelings and opinions of many. The author must have himself expected this. The elevated and independent character of his work, and the love of truth—that great attribute of the conscientious historian—which seems to animate it, cause me to believe that the rectification of any errors of fact into which he may have unconsciously fallen, must be as earnestly desired by him, as by those to whom, through those errors, he does injustice. It is this conviction which dictates the reclamation that I have the honor of addressing to you.

"In the 4th vol. of the *Girondins*, liv. 33, chapters VI. and VII., you give a fragment of a letter written to the convention by the deputy of Calais, Thomas Payne, in which he urges the necessity of bringing Louis XVI. to judgment, and you continue: 'Such were the terms in which the voice of America, enfranchised by Louis XVI., echoed in the prison of Louis XVI.!'—an American—a citizen—a sage—demanded, if not the head, at least the ignominy of the king, who had covered with French bayonets, the cradle of his country's liberty. Ingratitude expressed itself in outrage. \* \* \* Payne had been treated with all attention and kindness by the king during the time of his mission to Paris, to ask the aid of France in favor of America. Louis XVI. had made a present of six millions to the young republic, and it was in the hands of Franklin and Payne that this gift of the king was deposited. \* \* \* The last man on earth to show hatred to Louis XVI., should have been the apostle of America and the friend of Franklin.'

"It is difficult to understand how or when the Englishman Payne became the 'apostle of America.' He did indeed live some time in America, and was naturalized there, as he was afterwards in France, but he was never sent upon any mission, nor did he ever have any employment under the authority of, or in connection with, the American government, except that of clerk in the bureau of one of the committees of congress; which post, after a few months' occupation, he was glad to re-

sign, in order to prevent removal for misconduct. The commissioners sent from the United States, to solicit the aid and alliance of France during the war of independence, were Franklin, Deane, and Lee, and it was to them that the sums offered by Louis XVI. as a *don gratuit*, and accepted as a loan from the government of France, were paid. All the documents and correspondence relative to this negotiation have been printed, either in the 'Secret Journal of Congress,' or in the 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution,' 12 vols., published by order of the American government. These works I have at your disposition, and they will show you that Payne had no part whatever in this, or in any other diplomatic transaction of the United States.

"There is little perhaps to inspire respect in the cynical character of the deputy of Calais. It seems but just, however, to state, that when the judgment of Louis XVI. was determined on, the influence which he enjoyed in France was earnestly exercised to save the life of the unfortunate king. In his letter to the convention of 15th January, 1793, inserted in the *procès-verbal*, and printed in the *Moniteur*, (No. 18, 18th January, 1793,) is the following passage:—

"It is to France that the United States of America owes the success by means of which they were enabled to throw off, by force of arms, the unjust and tyrannical domination of George III. The eagerness and zeal which she displayed in furnishing both men and money, was the natural consequence of her thirst for liberty; but as the nation, on account of the obstacles arising from its form of government, could then only act by a monarchial organ, that organ, whatever might have been its private motives, performed then a good action.—Let the United States of America, then, be the safeguard and the shelter of Louis Capet. There, far away from the miseries and crimes of royal life, he will learn, by the constant spectacle of public prosperity, that the true system of government is not that of kings, but that of representation.

"In recalling these facts and in making this proposition, I consider myself as a citizen of both countries. I make this proposition as a citizen of the American republic, who feels the gratitude that he owes to every Frenchman. I make it also as a man, who, though the enemy of kings, does not forget that they make part of the family of humanity—and, to conclude, I make it, as a citizen of the French republic, for I regard it as the wisest and most politic measure than can be adopted.'

"You will see, perhaps, sir, in this proposition, the evidence of a sentiment different from that which you find in the letter you have cited. The honor, however, and the disgrace of Payne's conduct belong to him and to his constituents, not to the citizens of the United States. He was the deputy of Calais—not the apostle of America. The wish expressed in this letter, 'that the United States should be the safeguard and the shelter of Louis XVI.,' was indeed the echo of the ardent desire of all Americans, and although the unkind allusion to the motives of the king was repugnant to their sentiments, it was remembered that the author of it was a member of that convention which had but a few days before, in a solemn address to the people of the United States—drawn up by the Girondin Guadet—read and adopted on the 22d December—and inserted in the *Moniteur* of 23d December, 1799—declared: 'The United States of America will with difficulty believe it; the support which the

former court of France gave them in recovering their independence, was only the fruit of a vile speculation.\*

"You will, sir, upon further examination, become convinced, I believe, that the man whom you designate as the 'apostle of America,' had nothing in his position nor character to justify that title. Permit me to say further, that no voice of unkindness towards Louis XVI. ever came from the United States. All that could be done in his behalf was done. The sympathy so universally felt for him in America was shown in the conduct of the minister plenipotentiary of the United States to France—Governor Morris—who did not hesitate to compromise, not only his own personal safety, but the diplomatic relations of the two countries, in order to save poor Louis XVI. from the sad fate which Morris foresaw awaited him. While the trial was going on, efforts were made by him with several members of the convention, to secure the life of the king and his passage to America. Before the events of the 10th August, Morris was in frequent consultation with Louis XVI.; he had counselled the king to quit Paris, and the arrangements for his flight were concerted at the American legation. Towards the end of July, 1792, Louis XVI. deposited with Morris certain private papers, and money to the amount of 748,000 livres tournois. The events of the 10th August put an end to the plan of flight, and on that day, M. de Monceil, Bremond, and others concerned in it, together with the Count d'Estaing, took refuge in the hotel of the American legation. 'Whether my house will be a protection to you or to me,' said Morris, 'God only knows; but such refuge as it affords you shall have, let what will befall me.' Part of the funds deposited by Louis XVI. were employed to save from the massacres of September, and to aid the escape of, persons compromised by their attachment to the king. An exact note of these disbursements was kept by Morris, and the moment that his mission to Paris was ended he repaired to Vienna to render to *Madame Royale* [the daughter of Louis XVI., now Duchess of Angoulême] an account of his trust, and to pay over to her the sum which remained in his hands."

"You speak of a gift of 6,000,000 livres made by Louis XVI. to the United States. Permit me, sir, to draw your attention to certain facts which have a bearing upon this assertion. The whole amount advanced to the United States by the court of France during the war of independence was 18,000,000 livres. Part of this was generously offered as a *don gratuit*, but it was accepted only as a loan, and by the convention between Count Vergennes and Franklin, signed on the 16th July, 1782, (a copy of which I have at your service,) it was agreed that interest at five per cent. should be paid on it from the day of the conclusion of peace. The French government became responsible also for other debts of the United States, contracted in Holland and elsewhere, amounting to 16,000,000 livres, so that the whole American debt to France at the commencement of 1784 was 34,000,000 livres tournois. Most of this bore interest at five per cent. and was to be repaid at intervals after a delay of twelve years. At the close of 1789, Necker, being sorely pressed for money, made indirect propositions to the American government for an immediate

repayment of this loan at a great discount. These propositions were not accepted. 'Justice and honor require,' said Washington, then president, 'that our debt to France should be fully paid, and that we should in no wise profit by the temporary embarrassment of her finances.'

"A law of congress was immediately passed, appropriating money and authorizing a new loan in Holland, for the early acquittal of this sacred debt. The repayments were commenced on the 3d December, 1790, and, before the events of the 10th August, 23,717,639 livres had been paid. On the 16th August a further payment of 6,000,000 was to have been made at Amsterdam, but the bankers of the French government, Messrs. Hogen, Grand & Co., refused to receive any sums to the credit of Louis XVI., declaring that their account was then with the executive council alone. Under these circumstances, the minister of the United States to Holland, Mr. Short, deferred the payment. The endeavor of the American agent to secure this money for Louis XVI. exposed him to severe attacks from the French ambassador at the Hague, M. Maulde, and caused also complaints to be addressed by the executive council to the government of the United States. The ground for these reproaches of the executive council may be more easily understood, than that for the reproach of American ingratitude to Louis XVI., coming from a conscientious historian.

"On the 15th October, 1792, Jefferson, then secretary for foreign relations, wrote to the American minister in Paris relative to the debt to France, saying, 'We are informed by the public prints that the late constitution of France *formally notified to us*, is suspended and a new convention called. During the time of this suspension, and while no legitimate government exists, we apprehend we cannot continue the repayments of our debt to France, because there is no person authorized to receive it, and give an unexceptionable acquittal.'

"Should circumstances oblige you to mention this, do it with such solid reasons as will occur to yourself, and accompany it with the most friendly declarations, that the suspension does not proceed from any desire to embarrass or oppose the settlement of their government in the way in which their nation shall desire it, but from our desire to pay this debt justly and honorably, and to the persons really authorized by the nation (to whom we owe it) to receive it for their use. Nor shall the suspension be continued one moment after we can see our way clear out of the difficulty into which their situation has thrown us. That they may speedily obtain liberty, peace and tranquillity, is our earnest prayer."

"At the moment that this letter of Jefferson was written, money had just been voted by congress for the relief of the suffering colony of St. Domingo—and, in addition to these gratuities, the sum of four million livres—which the National Assembly, by its decree of June 26, 1792, had requested the government of the United States to furnish that colony, was paid into the hands of the French minister. The political considerations, and the regard for the unfortunate Louis XVI., which caused the American funds destined for France, to lie, for a certain time, inactive at Amsterdam, did not prevail to retard that portion of them which was destined for a work of humanity. Within two years from this time, the last sol of the debt was paid.

"The inexactitudes of fact in the *Histoire des*

\*For an account of these transactions, and the plan of flight, to which Bertrand de Molleville alludes, in his *Annales de la Révolution*, without apparently knowing its author, see Sparks' *Life of Morris*, Vol. i., p. 330, et seq.

\*See Writings of Jefferson, vol. iii., p. 191.

*Girondins*, to which as an American I have thought it my duty to draw your attention, have given me an opportunity to speak of the sympathy and gratitude towards Louis XVI. which existed and which still exist in the United States. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that those feelings are confined to the unfortunate king. That nation which is ever ready to succor the oppressed, and which prefers generous ideas to material interests, must ever possess the admiration of freemen, and above all the constant sympathies of those whose fathers chose to brave the dangers of the ocean, and of exile in an unknown land, rather than to enjoy the comforts of home by the sacrifice of a principle.

"The debt of American gratitude is due to the whole French nation, but the desire to individualize, if I may so say, the expression of that gratitude, has caused the names of three Frenchmen to be graven on every American heart—the names of *Lafayette*, *Louis XVI.*, *Vergennes*. And if this trinity of the well-beloved be completed by one whose actions were less prominent—whose services less known to fame—than those of the other two, it is that *Vergennes* was the first friend America found among those having authority with Louis XVI. It was he who staked his reputation as a minister upon the success of her struggle—he who proposed always generous aid to her cause, and he, who, in his diplomatic relations with the American ministers—Franklin and Jefferson—showed always a loyal and honorable spirit.

"At the present day, the American pilgrim who comes to Versailles, to visit that monument dedicated 'to all the glories of France,' pauses in a more humble temple—the church of Notre Dame—and offers there his tribute of affection and respect at the tomb of *Vergennes*—at the tomb of that Frenchman who, swaying the councils of his sovereign, and having influence over the opinions of the nation, never forgot to be generous and just to America.

"I beg you, sir, to accept the assurance of my high consideration.

"GEORGE SUMNER,

"Citizen of the United States.

"To Viscount Alphonse de Lamartine."

#### THE SPANISH CARDINAL'S HAT.

We have seldom read anything more amusing than the picture drawn by the Madrid correspondent of the "Times" of a cabinet council, at which the young queen is supposed to preside, and at which all the politicians of the day attended. The subject under consideration was the disposal of a cardinal's hat, which is at the gift or recommendation of the Spanish crown. All are desirous to obtain the hat. The lawyer, the financier, the general officer, the simple *hidalgo*, each thinks it would fit his scone, and sees no indecorum in his wearing it. Queen Isabella, however, remains blind to the merits, and deaf to the self-recommendations of her ministers and courtiers, and declares that she keeps the cardinal's hat for one of her own particular *protégés*. "Who is it?" exclaim the angry crowd of aspirants. "*Chapo*, my husband!" responds the queen, silencing the impatience and awaking the hilarity of all present at the excellence of the wit, and the appropriateness of the choice.

Don Francisco de Assis, de Bourbon, cardinal of Cadiz, such are the titles and the post which the Queen of Spain destines for her ex-husband. But the prince objects to the church sinecure, and

declares that he prefers keeping the sinecure office of king. Even to this Isabella is said not to object, provided the sinecure royalty be not too well paid. All will remember the amusing negotiation between Sieyes and Bonaparte. Sieyes framed his constitution, and in it preserved a place for Bonaparte, as grand elector, a kind of electoral high priest, who was to be very rich and to do nothing, leaving all active duties to others, as a thing beneath him. Bonaparte declined to act the part of a "pig shut up to be fattened," assigned that part to Sieyes, filled him with wealth, emptied him of authority, got on horseback himself, and left the philosopher to Epicurean grandeur.

Don Francisco and Isabella are bargaining much like Sieyes and Bonaparte. Each wants the other to enact the part of a fat pig. But Isabella positively declines, pressing the cardinal's hat as a last resource. If France were not at his shoulder, prompting the poor imbecile king to be obstinate and ambitious, he would accept. As Isabella assures him, he was made for the purple. He, on the contrary, alleges that he was born to be king and a conqueror. Narses was a hero.

This quarrel and its consequences has made all merry Spaniards laugh outright, and has set all the tongues of the whole Figaro family wagging. But the Spaniards are not a laughter-loving, but a very serious and tragical, people, with the exception of their barbers and their statesmen; so that each is sharpening his knife, and considering how should he employ it, and where embowel it. The Bourbon family have certainly been most successful in rendering each other odious. They have been fighting, and tricking, and maligning each other in such a way, as even to disenchant Spaniards with a feeling of loyalty. Young Isabella alone remained, and the Spaniards called her the "Innocente." The good king, Louis Philippe, however, contrived to put her in such a position, that for her to remain virtuous must be exceedingly difficult, whilst for her to preserve any character for virtue, deserving or undeserving, is utterly impossible.

To speak plainly, the queen's enemies declare that she has taken General Serrano to be her lover. Serrano is old enough to be her grandfather. He is a spirited, resolute, generous soldier, just such a man as a young queen would choose for her champion. But he is the last person any queen would like for an Adonis. Nevertheless, on the strength of this suspicion, the Moderados are in affright, declare their influence threatened by that naughty Serrano. Had calumny fixed on and promoted one of themselves, they would have said nothing. But a political enemy, a hater of France, a friend of M. Bulwer! And so they whet their swords, and keep their powder dry, to strike and blaze forth at the first opportunity.

Olozaga and the more moderate liberals are exerting themselves to prevent an explosion. They entreat the queen to keep on the present moderate men in power, to endeavor to conciliate Don Francisco, and gradually allow time for a liberal Cortes. And this would be the present result, if Don Francisco could be persuaded to reside quietly in his apartments at the palace. The queen would not even insist for the present on his accepting the cardinal's hat, or on his being made a bishop *in partibus*. But the mule species is the most prevalent one in the peninsula, and negotiators necessarily despair of getting Don Francisco to listen to reason or common sense.—*Examiner*.



## COLONIZATION.

LORD LINCOLN has succeeded in elevating a great branch of imperial policy to the position which it ought to occupy in the councils of the nation: he has made colonization henceforward a part of the business of practical statesmen. The discussion on Tuesday night was really one of the most important in the annals of parliament. Lord Lincoln's motion was for an address to the throne, praying the sovereign to take into consideration the means by which colonization may be made subsidiary to other measures for improving the social condition of Ireland, consistently with the interests of the colonies and the comfort of the emigrants. He suggested that the object of his motion might be promoted in its first stage by a commission of competent persons to scrutinize the various plans in their details, and assist the government with the best information. The speech in which the mover developed the objects of this motion was characterized by uncommon industry in the collection of facts, a statesmanlike grasp and comprehensiveness in the application of those facts to establish practical conclusions, admirable temper and discretion in warmly urging his mission, without giving the slightest pretext for offence or party antagonism. He succeeded in establishing this position. A poor-law for Ireland has been passed, pledging the imperial government to secure for the destitute Irish subsistence to be charged upon the property of Ireland. But to provide the subsistence of the Irish out of the property of Ireland is beyond the power of an unaided poor-law. The number of the destitute in Ireland for thirty weeks in the year, in ordinary circumstances, is about 2,500,000; there are also the permanently destitute; and, altogether, the lowest cost of maintaining them would exceed 6,500,000*l.* The rental of Ireland is estimated at 13,000,000*l.*; but in many parts the gross produce, represented by wages, farming profits, and rent, would actually be insufficient to maintain the resident population. Such a state of things is a dead lock: capital is needed to redeem a land so sunk in barbarous poverty; but capital is frightened away by the turbulence incidental to such poverty. The imperial government has undertaken a guarantee that Ireland shall support her poor; but the resources of Ireland are not sufficient; her destitution is so abject that she cannot even find the means of raising herself. A poor-law alone, therefore, will do far too little. Government furnishes certain auxiliary measures: they may provide employment for about 100,000 persons, making with their dependents 500,000 souls. This still leaves 2,000,000 destitute people a burden on mere Irish resources. These figures apply to the ordinary state of Ireland, not to a time of famine and absolute helplessness: of course, at such a time, the misery of the people, the weight of the burden, is indefinitely augmented. There is a general disposition in Ireland to abandon the country, and seek a livelihood in the colonies: the British possessions offer lands for occupation; but government has been doing nothing to promote it. Why not?

The motion was met by Mr. Hawes, representative of the colonial office in the lower house, in a way to pain his friends. He, once so vigorous in urging colonizing efforts upon the government, was now the feeble apologist for inaction: having crossed the house, he has fallen into the regular cant which the colonial office teaches to its parliamentary representatives—pleading “difficulties,”

deprecating the excitement of “extravagant expectations,” and the like. One knows all this by heart, like the set oration of those London beggars who detail their hardships with a modest fluency, and are “ashamed to appear before you in this disgraceful manner.” Shut your eyes, and you might have supposed that Mr. Hawes replying to Lord Lincoln was Lord Stanley or Mr. Hope replying to Mr. Hawes. He was unlucky: it had been assumed that Lord Lincoln's movement would altogether turn upon Mr. Godley's plan; but Lord Lincoln only used that plan as one illustration of what a colonizing government must inquire into. Mr. Hawes had prepared to meet the motion by the easy process of picking holes in a particular scheme; and he could not help expressing his vexation that Lord Lincoln had not advanced “some plan.” The under secretary's counter-statement dwindled down to a puffing of the “spontaneous emigration” which is going on under official supervision, and a request that the motion might not be pressed.

Mr. Hawes' speech, inapposite and feeble, almost went for nothing in the debate: it merely stopped the way; and when he ceased, the discussion on the subject of Lord Lincoln's motion proceeded, until at last Sir Robert Peel came out with a powerful appeal for colonization, and for the passing, not the withdrawal, of the motion before the house.

Lord John Russel now found it necessary to take up different ground. He echoed, indeed, Mr. Hawes' eulogium on things as they are; but followed it by an admission that the excessive and unsystematic emigration from Ireland to America may have bad effects and cause a reaction; and finally he acceded to Lord Lincoln's motion, with a reserve—he will advise the crown to inquire, not by a separate commission, but by the official machinery of the executive. And Lord John produced a despatch, written by Lord Grey—on the 1st of April, the day after Mr. Godley's memorial to the premier had been presented\*—declaring that he was ready to consider colonization plans.

In the course of the debate, the official gentlemen assumed a very unjustifiable tone towards Mr. Godley; not only speaking of him with a slighting manner wholly unwarranted by the zeal, devotion, and ability with which he has forced the subject on their reluctant attention, but resorting to barefaced misrepresentation. In set terms they abused a figment of their own brain, which had no resemblance to Mr. Godley's scheme. Lord John Russell said that Mr. Godley “forgot” the impracticability of providing food and employment for the settlers: the very head and front of the plan being a postulate to secure employment as *a sine qua non*. The instance, mentioned in the debate, of a great railway which would pass through a district in New Brunswick, comprising one million acres of fertile land still unalienated by the crown, is a case in point. And Lord John objected to moving without the concurrence of the colonial authorities; to obtain which Mr. Godley suggested a special provision.

The shifting and oscillating state of the ministerial mind, and the evasive nature of the premier's acquiescence in the motion, prevent any distinct perception of the actual position in which the affair is left officially. Ministers avow that they are nearly content with things as they stand, though doubts have been roused in Lord John's mind: they are very averse from entertaining plans—from plans

\*This is the plan which was published in No. 157 of the *Living Age*.

they turn, before examination, with prejudice and fear of trouble: but Lord Grey has announced that he is willing to consider plans: Lord John says that the only thing wanted to determine the practicability of colonization is information from the colonies, and that it can be best collected by the official machinery. Such is the diversity of counsel. On the whole, the most probable immediate issue of Lord John's acquiescence seems to be a future blue book, filled with didactic despatches from Downing street, and echoes from the colonies, setting forth excuses for doing nothing.

But the affair cannot rest there. The house of commons has unanimously resolved to advise the crown to think of colonization as one of the means of relief for Ireland; by that vote, the house implies that hitherto her majesty's ministers have not sufficiently attended to the subject, and her majesty's authority is invoked to make them do their duty better: to that intimation Lord John Russel bows.

And it cannot be supposed that such a duty will be successfully evaded. Thus far, our expectation has been more than realized. Lord Lincoln has shown that the party with which he is most immediately connected is prepared to be most efficient in affairs of colonization as well as of free trade, although individuals amongst the whig party had the start by so many years. Above all, Sir Robert Peel has shown, by the intelligence, the heartiness, and the broad scope of his speech, that he has at last brought his mind to bear upon the subject. Colonization is now, as free trade was during Sir Robert's last occupation of office, removed from the category of abstract theory to that of practical statesmanship. This has been done, however, both by Lord Lincoln and Sir Robert Peel, in such a manner that the whigs are not excluded from taking the active conduct of the question into their own hands. The object of their tactics on Tuesday night seemed to be, to effect for Lord Grey much the same kind of service that Sir Robert Peel effected for Lord Stanley in the New Zealand affair—to cover his retreat from a false position with credit; and they have been suffered to do so. How they, or he, may improve the opportunity, remains to be seen.

The other prominent topics in parliament need no lengthened notice here. Sir Charles Wood, asking for another grant on account of Irish relief, makes a very favorable report as to the operation of the temporary poor-relief act, and puts forth calculations of outlay for the future, more moderate than probable.

The peers had made considerable amendments in the companion measures—the permanent poor-relief bill and the landed property bill—in both trenching on the privileges of the commons by altering the terms of taxation. In the alteration of the poor-bill, though the measure is crippled, the commons acquiesced, because there was precedent for the alteration, which only touched local taxes, and because it was desired not to risk the total loss of the bill for a session. In the alterations of the other bill the peers had actually extended the distribution of funds derived from imperial taxes: there was no precedent for acquiescence here; the commons resisted; and the lords decorously yielded.

Sir George Grey has made a further and a modified explanation of his new convict system. There is to be an unpaid commission to manage the convict population in the home prisons; a paid officer of the board will superintend the convicts and the

hulks. And the deportation of conditionally pardoned convicts is no longer to be the "individual" emigration of "exiles," but collective—renewed transportation on a limited scale; with attention paid to the proportion of the sexes. Sir George tried to get over the odium of having evaded a "constitutional" reference to parliament; but he did not make out a satisfactory case. He declares that, with all its defects, the measure will be a vast improvement on the present and past systems of transportation; and in saying that he is on safer ground.—*Spectator*, June 5th.

**PROGRESS OF EUROPE.**—In spite of jarring action here and there, the political progress of Europe seems to be making more real way than it has done since it entailed so much mischief to detract from the good, through the violences of its promoters. A correspondent of our own, whose information on Italian affairs has before now been confirmed by the event, states that a constitution has been formally announced by the King of Sardinia, with the concurrence of the pope and the threatful warning of Austria. It is said that King Charles Albert has copied the Prussian model, and has fixed the time for promulgating the first Magna Charta of Italy. Some other facts illustrate the state of matters in that peninsula. Rome and Naples have a mutual agreement to publish each other's state papers in their government gazettes: Naples hesitated to publish the pope's decree convoking the assembly of provincial notables—refused; but at last did so, on being urged by the Roman minister. The Neapolitan minister at Rome, hostile to the new order, has been withdrawn, at the request of Pius. Charles Albert has concluded a treaty with divers cantons for continuing through Switzerland that great Italian railway of which Austria is so jealous. What with freeing opinion and fortifying the appliances of commerce, the new order is likely to prove too strong for the old.

In Switzerland, liberty has achieved a disastrous victory. M. Ochsenbein, a leader of the Free Corps, has been elected President of the Berne Council; Berne being the Vorort for the time! Fanatic revolution thus takes its place as constituted authority.

Beyond, in Prussia, the diet proves too vigorous for the old habits of kingly will, though they fondly linger: it insists upon discussing and upon exercising an effective share of power. In Hungary and Lower Austria, there is "a movement in the straw"—an advance towards popular power: Hungary will claim to elect its viceroy.

Greece has agreed to make due apologies to Turkey for the diplomatic offence, on the mediation of Austria: this is an official rather than a political affair, but it is well to get that poor squabble out of the way. Europe has other things to think of.

Portugal is now the scene of active intervention by the allied powers; but the terms under which the intervention is enforced are in marked contrast with the old fashion of holy alliances to trample down nations. We may see retrograde movements; statesmen may blunder; but on the whole the popular influence is making visible progress throughout civilized Europe.—*Spectator*.

We learn our virtues from the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We cannot easily discover our real form from a friend. He is the mirror, on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of the reflection.

## TENURE OF BRITISH INDIA.

In a recent debate, alluding to the possible settlement of soldiers in India, Lord Ellenborough said that "colonization would be separation." He took a purely military view of the subject: he relies entirely, it should seem, on the occupation of India by a well-appointed and well-regulated army: and in that view, no doubt, to colonize the country with a population retaining military habits but released from military bondage, might tempt some ambitious and errant Ellenborough to set up for himself.

There are other reasons for supposing that the mere military hold of the empire is a very precarious one. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* makes this startling assertion—"L'ivrognerie, le jeu, la débauche, ces trois hideuses plaies, minent dans l'Inde la puissance militaire des Anglais." And a well-informed writer in the *Morning Chronicle* admits, that, although the jealousy of the French may exaggerate the dangers that menace our power, the assertion is not baseless. The commissariat, he says, is ill-contrived for the climate of India. The clothing of all, officers and men, is inappropriate. The "bad habits and vicious indulgences of a northern country" become peculiarly fatal in India. "The private soldier pays with his life the penalty of the debauched habits which are the inevitable result of the present system." Often "not only the health of the officers likewise, but their nervous energy and self-possession in the day of trial, are impaired by their undue devotion to the pleasures of the table, in the way both of eating and drinking. On this subject, however, a mere allusion is sufficient."

According to Lord Ellenborough, then, our sole reliance is upon our army; and, according to well-informed writers, the army is a very hazardous and bad reliance.

Now, were our army pure in respect both of military and social morals, perfect in discipline, professional and physiological, it would be very impolitic to depend solely on military occupation—the hold which in its nature has less of fixity than any other tenure. It would be superfluous to make the remark, but for the fact that some persons influential among the statesman class seem to assume that the army is of necessity the sole reliance. Others rest their hopes on "good government"—just and wise administration; an excellent adjunct—a hold far more searching in taking root than simple military possession. But even the best administration by an alien government is precarious in tenure. To secure a hold—to identify British and Indian interests—India should be identified, bodily and morally, with the British empire.

This is less a task for political institutions, or for set moralists, than for those who can directly and practically influence social relations. The governors of India have sought far too slightly to identify the English government with the habits, thoughts, interests, and honors of Hindoos. No people are more obstinate than the Hindoos in adhering to their prejudices and habits—because on those habits depends the social distinction of the dominant class. But the obstinacy yields to the mild influence of English favor. It is a grievance really enough to breed agitation for "repeal of the union," that Hindoos are excluded from the most valuable and dignified offices: admit a few individuals, showing that large classes are eligible, and you ally the affection and pride of the upper classes of natives with British institutions—revolt then would be their

degradation and loss, individually and collectively. A few honors have been given, but with so sparing a hand that the exception only made the rule more unpleasantly obvious. What rule of common sense would prevent the establishment of an extensive Indian knighthood, an Indian baronetcy, or even an Indian titular peerage, originating in the British "fountain of honor." Let advancement in the process of anglicization be deemed a merit, let it be paid with British rewards, and in a few years we need fear neither colonization, nor invasion, nor public opinion, nor education, nor anything else. A judicious distribution of titles, of posts of dignity, and of social favor, would do more to consolidate our power than all the armies or treaties in the world. Useful auxiliaries as the soldier and the diplomatist are, they would be still more usefully employed and efficiently supported.—*Spectator*, June 5th.

From the Spectator.

## DR. CHALMERS.

It is not often that a man can be said to have "lived all his days," so truly as in the case of Thomas Chalmers. The oldest reminiscences of him that have been preserved, present the image of a young and ardent spirit luxuriating in the exercise of its powers, scarcely able to confine itself within the conventional sphere of activity prescribed to those of the profession which was nevertheless of all within his reach the best suited to his tastes and faculties: and he has been taken away while still earnestly toiling in his vocation, before any symptoms of mental weakness or of lassitude and aversion to work had become visible.

The life of Chalmers has been a happy life; always busy, and always hopeful for the future. The fresh, confiding buoyancy of boyhood survived in him to the close. Though continually employed, and though endowed with a wonderful power of inspiring others with the desire for action, Chalmers was the reverse of what is called a practical man. He saw everything through the coloring medium of his own imagination. He had the happy knack of persuading himself, when obliged to alter an opinion, that he had merely corrected by modifying it, or had developed it more fully; and when obliged to abandon a course he had long pursued, that he was merely striking into a shorter road to his original destination. Deficiency in precise logical powers of reasoning, and dim perception of the realities of life by which he was surrounded, combined with this preponderance of his imaginative faculty and his incessant craving for employment, made him rather an instrument in the hands of others than a leader. He is inseparably associated with the progress of evangelical views in the nineteenth century; and with regard to the free church secession, the association of his name alone has lent it more than half its strength. But, though in intellect and truly catholic benevolence superior to the far greater number of those associated with him in promoting these movements, the practical abilities of much inferior, and even much younger men, in both cases set him to his tasks and kept him there.

Yet there was about Chalmers an instinctive though not clear-sighted independence of character, and sincere honesty of purpose, that preserved him from being the mere tool of others. When engaged as an ally, he insisted upon bringing all his hobbies with him into the camp; and they who would have



him work vigorously towards their ends, were compelled at least to feign sympathy with and aid in working out his. Like all minds of his class, he was more attached to ideas than to persons; and his attachments and confidences were prompted more by sentiment than reason. Hence the strange diversity of coadjutors with whom we find him leagued at different periods of his career; and hence the tendency he displayed to ally himself in preference with the distinguished by rank, official position, or intellectual powers.

Nature, though always bountiful, is never spendthrift; her energies may sometimes appear to be, but they are never really wasted. The mental strength and intense vitality of Chalmers, combined with his imperfect perceptive powers, produced results which might seem to contradict this. Scarcely any of his great efforts have been attended by success. His attempt to realize at Glasgow the views developed in his "Christian and Civic Economy" did not survive his departure from that city: his attempt to place the national church on a more commanding footing has ended in its division into two hostile bodies. With unwearied application of great strength, he constructed nothing that has lasted. With a truly childish power of self-deception, he attributed to every pursuit in which he engaged the greatness that was in himself alone. Whether teaching a few children or struggling as the champion of a church, in his estimation the business of the moment was always the greatest and most important object in life. Animated by an intellect that could sympathize with and appreciate the most comprehensive exertions of thought, and by a benevolence all-embracing, he wilfully identified himself with provincial disputes. He not only could but did bound himself "in a nutshell and count himself a king of infinite space." Yet, with all this wayward disproportion of means to ends, of powers to objects, his influence for good has been of the widest. The alchemy of his genial nature transmuted mere dogmatical and sectarian controversies into discussions on vivifying and elevating truths; and all who familiarly associated with him contracted the same turn of mind. His earnest benevolence, too, was contagious. He was the Socrates of the school of Christian pastors he has founded: the value and importance of what he taught will be more apparent in the intellects he has formed than in any work he has left us.

From the Examiner.

*History of the Conquest of Peru, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Two Vols. Bentley.

The historian of the *Conquest of Mexico* worthily completes that labor with a *History of the Conquest of Peru*. It is very ably executed. Though the materials are less brilliant than those of the struggle and adventure of Cortez, we derive from the present work a higher impression of the writer's powers. The style is less forced. The subject is as thoroughly grasped, with an easier treatment.

It is not a paradox to say that Mr. Prescott's partial blindness, unassumingly described in the preface to the present work, enables him, in an historical sense, to see with greater depth and accuracy. He has to weigh all his authorities with a thoughtful intendment; nothing is rejected (as with the best inquirers occurs too often) on a cursory and imperfect glance; all has to be considered with impartial care; his materials, stored in the mind

before the pen is taken in hand, have time to assimilate with his habits of thought and most natural modes of expression; and the result, in the present as in former instances, is exhibited in historical writing of a very high order. Mr. Prescott avows himself a disciple of the Barante school of history. He would place his readers amid the vivid realities of the scenes and times of which he writes; but with the means of critical judgment as well as of clear perception. And for the most part he succeeds in this. Excellent are his descriptions of events, and in the discrimination of results he is generally just and fair.

The history before us is constructed like its predecessor. In an introductory book the native institutions of the Incas, as they existed before the fierce and bloody inroads of Pizarro, are elaborately portrayed; and the remaining books are occupied with the narrative of the conquest, and of the desperate feuds of the conquerors. For the conquest of Peru differs from that of Mexico in the singular importance of the events which intervened before the final settlement of the country. Less than ten years were employed in the victory, and upwards of twenty in taming the victors. Mr. Prescott has vividly set before us these rude, fierce broils, omitting no finer trait with which his Spanish heroes may scantily have redeemed their ferocity, their bigotry, or their barbarous rapacity.

The condition of a country at the period of its subjugation must always in some sort determine the moral justice of the conquest and the character and motives of the conquerors. So considered, we know nothing in history so striking as the difference which presents itself, in estimating the proportions of glory and of shame to be awarded to Spain, in respect of her rapid conquest of the two remarkable nations which had begun the work of civilization on the great western continent. There seems little reason to suppose that the Mexicans and Peruvians were even conscious of each other's existence: yet were they both, almost simultaneously, pursuing a career of conquest over barbarous races, one in the north and the other in the south, with results (in respect of the conquered) in many respects strikingly similar, though by means (and with effects upon themselves) directly opposed. At the time when Spain stepped in upon the scene, the contrasts of character and civilization in Mexico and in Peru were as those of darkness and of light. And here we find the source of the satisfaction with which we cannot but contemplate, with all its drawbacks, the career of Cortez; and of the shame and sorrow with which, notwithstanding much that redeemed them, we peruse the achievements of Pizarro.

Mr. Prescott's materials have been more abundant for description of the condition of the Incas, than he possessed in describing that of the Aztecs, and there is nothing more interesting in the present book than these introductory chapters. They paint a picture of Peruvian civilization which indeed is startling. We may compare it, too, in its origin and growth, by Mr. Prescott's help, with that of the Mexican. We may observe, in war, the exterminating system of the Aztecs, side by side with the more prudent policy of amalgamation pursued by the Incas. We may contrast the grinding fear with which the Mexicans held down the inferior race, and were weakened by it, with the parental love by which the Peruvians raised it up, and received strength from its adhesion. In religion, in agriculture, in all the larger details of government,

the same marked superiority exists. In what may be termed the more learned arts, on the other hand; in astronomy, in the means of communicating thought, and even in the minute mechanical arts; the Mexican appears to have excelled the Peruvian. Why this should have been, would open a difficult question. The broad types of civilization which occur in pursuing the comparison are evidently those of the Tartar and the Persian. Mr. Prescott finds resemblances to the Chinese, the Hindostanee, and the Egyptian, in his description of the Aztecs; but their government would seem to have been at once the most patriarchal and most absolute that ever existed in the world. It was a theocracy more effective than that of the Jews; a despotism more potent than that of Catholic Rome. Individual rights had no existence in it. In a land where manufactures and agriculture had made large advances, where even social refinements exercised singular influence, where public works were carried to an extent unprecedented—money did not exist; property seems to have been unknown; and, unless by express sanction and aid of the government, the exercise of any craft or labor, the indulgence of any amusement, a change of residence or of dress, even the selection of a wife, were prohibited to the Peruvian. Government pervaded and overlooked all. The monarch had the authority of divinity; only less divine, and with a power which supported yet never controlled his own, were the class of hereditary nobles; and to these, in their united sway, there was absolute and unconditional submission. It is impossible to account for the moral and physical condition of a people apparently so enslaved—as that condition was discerned at the period of their conquest—except by the supposition of a most gentle, careful, and patriarchal administration of these powers. We must assume it to have been so, to a most extraordinary degree. The people were governed as by a loving but exacting father.

A native of that same New World on which the experiment was tried, and from which it has passed without leaving trace or vestige, now writes its strange history; doubtful, it may be, if the very opposite experiment which has followed, and is now in actual progress, will have a better or more enduring fate!

“It is not easy to comprehend the genius and the full import of institutions so opposite to those of a free republic, where every man, however humble his condition, may aspire to the highest honors of the state—may select his own career, and carve out his fortune in his own way; where the light of knowledge, instead of being concentrated on a chosen few, is shed abroad like the light of day, and suffered to fall equally on the poor and the rich; where the collision of man with man wakens a generous emulation that calls out latent talent and tasks the energies to the utmost; where a consciousness of independence gives a feeling of self-reliance unknown to the timid subjects of a despotism; where, in short, the government is made for man—not as in Peru, where man seemed to be made only for the government. The New World is the theatre on which these two political systems, so opposite in their character, have been carried into operation. The empire of the incas has passed away and left no trace. The other great experiment is still going on—the experiment which is to solve the problem, so long contested in the Old World, of the capacity of man for self-government. Alas for humanity, if it should fail!

“We must not judge too hardly of the unfortunate native, because he quailed before the civilization of the European. We must not be insensible to the really great results that were achieved by the government of the incas. We must not forget, that under their rule, the meanest of the people enjoyed a far greater degree of personal comfort, at least a greater exemption from physical suffering, than was possessed by similar classes in other nations on the American continent—greater, probably, than was possessed by these classes in most of the countries of feudal Europe. Under their sceptre the higher orders of the state had made advances in many of the arts that belong to a cultivated community. The foundations of a regular government were laid, which in an age of rapine secured to its subjects the inestimable blessings of tranquillity and safety. By the well-sustained policy of the incas, the rude tribes of the forest were gradually drawn from their fastnesses, and gathered within the folds of civilization; and of these materials was constructed a flourishing and populous empire, such as was to be found in no other quarter of the American continent.”

The extraordinary union of the despot and patriarch in the character of the inca, will be noted in this curious extract:

“The sovereign was placed at an immeasurable distance above his subjects. Even the proudest of the inca nobility, claiming a descent from the same divine original as himself, could not venture into the royal presence, unless barefoot, and bearing a light burden on his shoulders in token of homage. As the representative of the sun, he stood at the head of the priesthood, and presided at the most important of the religious festivals. He raised armies, and usually commanded them in person. He imposed taxes, made laws, and provided for their execution by the appointment of judges, whom he removed at pleasure. He was the source from which everything flowed—all dignity, all power, all emolument. He was, in short, in the well-known phrase of the European despot, ‘himself the state.’

“The inca asserted his claims as a superior being by assuming a pomp in his manner of living well calculated to impose on his people. His dress was of the finest wool of the vicuna, richly dyed, and ornamented with a profusion of gold and precious stones. Round his head was wreathed a turban of many-colored folds, called the *llautu*; and a tasseled fringe, like that worn by the prince, but of a scarlet color, with two feathers of a rare and curious bird, called the *coraquenque*, placed upright in it, were the distinguishing insignia of royalty. The birds from which these feathers were obtained were found in a desert country among the mountains; and it was death to destroy or to take them, as they were reserved for the exclusive purpose of supplying the royal head-gear. Every succeeding monarch was provided with a new pair of these plumes, and his credulous subjects fondly believed that only two individuals of the species had ever existed to furnish the simple ornament for the diadem of the incas.

“Although the Peruvian monarch was raised so far above the highest of his subjects, he condescended to mingle occasionally with them, and took great pains personally to inspect the condition of the humbler classes. He presided at some of the religious celebrations, and on these occasions entertained the great nobles at his table, when he complimented them, after the fashion of more civilized

nations, by drinking the health of those whom he most delighted to honor.

"But the most effectual means taken by the incas for communicating with their people, were their progresses through the empire. These were conducted, at intervals of several years, with great state and magnificence. The sedan, or litter, in which they travelled, richly emblazoned with gold and emeralds, was guarded by a numerous escort. The men who bore it on their shoulders were provided by two cities, specially appointed for the purpose. It was a post to be coveted by no one, if, as is asserted, a fall was punished with death. They travelled with ease and expedition, halting at the *tambos*, or inns, erected by government along the route, and occasionally at the royal palaces, which in the great towns afforded ample accommodations to the whole of the monarch's retinue. The noble roads which traversed the table-land were lined with people, who swept away the stones and stubble from their surface, strewing them with sweet-scented flowers, and vying with each other in carrying forward the baggage from one village to another. The monarch halted from time to time to listen to the grievances of his subjects, or to settle some points which had been referred to his decision by the regular tribunals. As the princely train wound its way along the mountain passes, every place was thronged with spectators eager to catch a glimpse of their sovereign; and, when he raised the curtains of his litter, and showed himself to their eyes, the air was rent with acclamations as they invoked blessings on his head. Tradition long commemorated the spots at which he halted, and the simple people of the country held them in reverence as places consecrated by the presence of an inca."

Thus to make an object of unrestrained affection out of what would seem an image of the most repulsive tyranny, is something of the same process which we note in their wonderful cultivation of a cheerless soil. Out of a desert they made a paradise. Canals and aqueducts, nobly executed, fertilized the sterile ground; hills, too precipitous and stony to be tilled, were cut and hewn into terraces, and covered deep with earth that the husbandman might not toil in vain; everywhere richness replaced barrenness; and as little amid the everlasting winter on the heights of the Cordilleras, as in the freshness of perpetual spring on the table-lands below, do this extraordinary people seem to have spared their patient and discriminating labor. We take Mr. Prescott's account of their great roads and posts. Even their wonderful proficiency in architecture yields to the interest of these:

"The most considerable were the two which extended from Quito to Cuzco, and, again diverging from the capital, continued in a southern direction towards Chili.

"One of these roads passed over the grand plateau, and the other along the lowlands on the borders of the ocean. The former was much the more difficult achievement, from the character of the country. It was conducted over pathless sierras buried in snow; galleries were cut for leagues through the living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed; ravines of hideous depth were filled up with solid masonry; in short, all the difficulties that beset a wild and mountainous region, and which might appal the most courageous engineer of modern times, were encountered and successfully over-

come. The length of the road, of which scattered fragments only remain, is variously estimated from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles; and stone pillars, in the manner of European milestones, were erected at stated intervals of somewhat more than a league all along the route. Its breadth scarcely exceeded twenty feet. It was built of heavy flags of freestone, and in some parts, at least, covered with a bituminous cement, which time has made harder than the stone itself. In some places, where the ravines had been filled up with masonry, the mountain torrents wearing on it for ages, have gradually eaten a way through the base, and left the superincumbent mass—such is the cohesion of the materials—still spanning the valley like an arch!

"Over some of the boldest streams it was necessary to construct suspension bridges, as they are termed, made of the tough fibres of the *maguay*, or of the osier of the country, which has an extraordinary degree of tenacity and strength. These osiers were woven into cables of the thickness of a man's body. The huge ropes, then stretched across the water, were conducted through rings or holes cut in immense buttresses of stone raised on the opposite banks of the river, and there secured to heavy pieces of timber. Several of these enormous cables, bound together, formed a bridge, which, covered with planks, well secured and defended by a railing of the same osier materials on the sides, afforded a safe passage for the traveller. The length of this aerial bridge, sometimes exceeding two hundred feet, caused it, confined as it was only at the extremities, to dip with an alarming inclination towards the centre, while the motion given to it by the passenger occasioned an oscillation still more frightful, as his eye wandered over the dark abysses of waters that foamed and tumbled many a fathom beneath. Yet these light and fragile fabrics were crossed without fear by the Peruvians, and are still retained by the Spaniards over those streams which, from the depth or impetuosity of the current, would seem impracticable for the usual modes of conveyance.

"The system of communication through their dominions was still further improved by the Peruvian sovereigns, by the introduction of posts, in the same manner as was done by the Aztecs. The Peruvian posts, however, established on all the great routes that conducted to the capital, were on a much more extended plan than those in Mexico. All along these routes small buildings were erected, at the distance of less than five miles asunder, in each of which a number of runners or *chasquis*, as they were called, were stationed, to carry forward the despatches of government. These despatches were either verbal or conveyed by means of *quipus*, and sometimes accompanied by a thread of the crimson fringe worn round the temples of the inca, which was regarded with the same implicit deference as the signet ring of an oriental despot.

"The *chasquis* were dressed in a peculiar livery, intimating their profession. They were all trained to the employment, and selected for their speed and fidelity. As the distance each courier had to perform was small, and as he had ample time to refresh himself at the stations, they ran over the ground with great swiftness, and messages were carried through the whole extent of the long routes at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles a day. The office of the *chasquis* was not limited to carrying despatches. They frequently brought various articles for the use of the court; and in this way fish from the



distant ocean, fruits, game, and different commodities from the hot regions on the coast, were taken to the capital in good condition, and served fresh at the royal table. It is remarkable that this important institution should have been known to both the Mexicans and Peruvians without any correspondence with one another; and that it should have been found among two barbarian nations of the New World; long before it was introduced among the civilized nations of Europe.

"By these wise contrivances of the incas, the most distant parts of the long-extended empire of Peru were brought into intimate relations with each other. And while the capitals of Christendom, but a few hundred miles apart, remained as far asunder as if seas had rolled between them, the great capitals Cuzco and Quito were placed by the high-roads of the incas in immediate correspondence. Intelligence from the numerous provinces was transmitted on the wings of the wind to the Peruvian metropolis, the great focus to which all the lines of communication converged. Not an insurrectionary movement could occur, not an invasion on the remotest frontier, before the tidings were conveyed to the capital, and the imperial armies were on their march across the magnificent roads of the country to suppress it. So admirably was the machinery contrived by the American despots for maintaining tranquillity throughout their dominions! It may remind us of the similar institutions of ancient Rome, when, under the Cæsars, she was mistress of half the world."

Mr. Prescott's essay embraces, in like manner, accounts of their religion and military tactics, their agriculture and modes of cultivation, their legal administration and provisions for justice, their dramatic exhibitions, and other various details of their civilization and prosperity; but we cannot dwell longer on the attractive theme.

We may possibly speak, at a future day, of the most strictly historical part of Mr. Prescott's labors. We shall best satisfy the reader's curiosity at present, by exhibiting, in a few striking extracts, the tone and spirit of the narrative. It is life-like always; the dramatic collisions of character are fully exhibited; and the deeper scenes of the tragedy lose nothing in intensity and power:

#### PIZARRO'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF PERU.

"On the departure of his vessels Pizarro marched into the interior, in the hope of finding the pleasant champagna country which had been promised him by the natives. But at every step the forest seemed to grow denser and darker, and the trees towered to a height such as he had never seen, even in these fruitful regions, where Nature works on so gigantic a scale. Hill continued to rise above hill, as he advanced, rolling onward, as it were, by successive waves, to join that colossal barrier of the Andes, whose frosty sides, far away above the clouds, spread out like a curtain of burnished silver, that seemed to connect the heavens with the earth.

"On crossing these woody eminences, the forlorn adventurers would plunge into ravines of frightful depth, where the exhalations of a humid soil steamed up amidst the incense of sweet-scented flowers, which shone through the deep glooms in every conceivable variety of color. Birds, especially of the parrot tribe, mocked this fantastic variety of nature with tints as brilliant as those of the vegetable world. Monkeys chattered in crowds above their heads, and made grimaces like fiendish spirits of these solitudes; while hideous reptiles, engendered

in the slimy depths of the pools, gathered round the footsteps of the wanderers. Here was seen the gigantic boa, coiling his unwieldy folds about the trees, so as hardly to be distinguished from their trunks, till he was ready to dart upon his prey; and alligators lay basking on the borders of the streams, or, gliding under the waters, seized their incautious victim before he was aware of their approach. Many of the Spaniards perished miserably in this way, and others were waylaid by the natives, who kept a jealous eye on their movements, and availed themselves of every opportunity to take them at advantage. Fourteen of Pizarro's men were cut off at once in a canoe which had stranded on the bank of a stream.

"Famine came in addition to other troubles, and it was with difficulty that they found the means of sustaining life on the scanty fare of the forest—occasionally the potato, as it grew without cultivation, or the wild cocoa-nut, or, on the shore, the salt and bitter fruit of the mangrove; though the shore was less tolerable than the forest, from the swarms of mosquitos which compelled the wretched adventurers to bury their bodies up to their very faces in the sand. In this extremity of suffering, they thought only of return; and all schemes of avarice and ambition—except with Pizarro and a few dauntless spirits—were exchanged for the one craving desire to return to Panamá."

When this desire took more resolved shape, Pizarro met it by a resolve yet more decisive:

"Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then turning towards the south, 'Friends and comrades!' he said, 'on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panamá and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south.' So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by the brave pilot Ruiz; next by Pedro de Candia, a cavalier, born, as his name imports, in one of the isles of Greece. Eleven others successively crossed the line, thus intimating their willingness to abide the fortunes of their leader, for good or for evil."

One of the treacherous massacres by Pizarro is thus vividly described:

"Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St. Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance—as, indeed, they had no

weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors, under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

"Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said, by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

"The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling around him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, 'Let no one, who values his life, strike at the inca;' and, stretching out his arm to shield him, he received a wound on his hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

"The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *berla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded."

In delineation of the character of the hero of the conquest, it seems to us that great judgment is shown. Neither the lights nor the shades are too broadly or deeply drawn. What allied him to Cortez, and what widely separates them, in his patient endurance, his incredible perseverance, his freedom from bigotry, his insatiable avarice, his reckless

perfidy, and his indomitable cruelty, is patiently and well set forth. We have neither a perfect hero, nor an absolute monster, but undoubtedly a most extraordinary man. He is at the same time one of those men, of whose ignorance of the intellectual arts, and utter inability to read or to write, we can hear without regret or surprise.

#### NATURE AND ART.

SYLPH-LIKE, and with a graceful pride,  
I saw the wild Louisa glide  
Along the dance's glittering row,  
With footsteps soft as falling snow;  
On all around her smiles she poured;  
And though by all admired, adored,  
She seemed to hold the homage light,  
And careless claimed it as her right.  
With siren-voice the lady sung;  
Love on her tones enraptured hung,  
While timid awe and fond desire  
Came blended from her witching lyre.  
While thus, with unresisted art,  
The enchantress melted every heart,  
Amid the glance, the sigh, the smile,  
Herself unmoved and cold the while,  
With inward pity eyed the scene,  
Where all were subjects—she a queen!

Again I saw that lady fair—  
Oh, what a beauteous change was there!  
In a sweet cottage of her own  
She sat, and she was all alone,  
Save a young child she sung to rest  
On its soft bed, her fragrant breast.  
With happy smiles, and happy sighs,  
She kissed the infant's closing eyes;  
Then o'er him, in the cradle laid,  
Moved her dear lips as if she prayed:  
She blessed him in his father's name.  
Lo! to her side that father came,  
And in a voice subdued and mild,  
He blessed the mother and her child!  
I thought upon the proud saloon,  
And that enchantress queen; but soon  
Far off art's fading pageant stole,  
And nature filled my thoughtful soul.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

#### EMIGRANT'S SONG.

ONCE more let it sparkle and gladden the heart!  
Adieu, loves and friendships! and now we must part;  
Farewell, then, ye mountains, ye scenes of my home;  
A power resistless impels me to roam.

The sun in the heavenly fields knows no stay;  
O'er land and o'er ocean he rides far away;  
The waves linger not as they roll on the sand,  
And the storms in their fury sweep over the land.

The bird on the light fleecy cloud sails along,  
And sings in the distance his dear native song;  
Through woodland and pasture the youth must go  
forth,  
And roam, like his mother, the wandering earth.

The birds he once knew in the fields of his home  
Come flying to greet him o'er ocean's white foam,  
And the flowers of his childhood salute him once  
more,

In the breezes that breathe from his far native shore.  
The songsters of home still around him to charm,  
The flowers love planted still breathing their balm,  
Early loves and old friendships still pressing his hand,  
His home is around him, though far be the land.

From the German of Körner.

From the Spectator.

## EVELYN'S LIFE OF MRS. GODOLPHIN.

THE wife of Sidney Godolphin, the subsequently celebrated statesman of Queen Anne, was a youthful friend and favorite of the amiable Evelyn, and, according to his perhaps partial estimate of her, a perfect paragon of women. Margaret Godolphin was a saint without austerity, a *bas bleu* without affectation, a wit without tartness or malice; a pattern of maiden purity in the court of Charles the Second, yet neither dull nor morose; an actress preëminent among the royal and noble lady amateurs of the court, yet ever shrinking from display, and performing in those courtly entertainments only in obedience to the commands of majesty; in her charities and godly works she was a counterpart of the gospel heroines; and, in short, a model for all, both in maiden and married life.

To commemorate so much excellence, and at the request and with the assistance of one of Mrs. Godolphin's most intimate friends, Evelyn undertook to write her life; but died without giving it the final corrections. In course of time the family papers passed into the possession of Evelyn's descendant, the present Archbishop of York; who placed the biography in the hands of the Bishop of Oxford for publication. It now appears with his revision, (to the extent of the spelling and the occasional introduction between brackets of omitted words,) together with a series of valuable illustrative notes, genealogical, topographical, and relating to courtly and literary matters, from the pen of Mr. Holmes of the British Museum.

*The Life of Mrs. Godolphin* is in itself rather a curious than a striking work. The style is of another age altogether; the book adds nothing to our historical knowledge; and, beyond the moral which it points of the possibility of preserving respectability and purity in the most corrupt society, it teaches little; for the character of Margaret Godolphin was evidently singular, and, we suspect, to some extent exaggerated by her biographer. The book, however, is a pleasant and useful addition to our biographical literature. It exhibits an individual life, with many indications of the manners of the age in which the subject lived, and the particular class among whom she lived. It is also a literary production very opposite to our modern biographies. The *Life* deals more with character, conduct, behavior, and the individual's daily habits, than with mere events. It is in fact a real biography, where Margaret Godolphin is the principal, almost the only figure. Panegyric may cause some undue expansion; and feelings of reverence and affection towards "the early loved, the early lost" may prompt a very minute exhibition of mind as unfolded in private memoranda or correspondence; but no attempt is made to swell the life of the heroine by hooking on to it events with which she was connected or happened to be contemporary. Perhaps the amiable old author may appear a little too often and a little too prominently himself; but the account of his first opinion of Margaret Blagge, of the manner in which their platonic friendship was formed, and several other passages where John Evelyn figures as the worthy middle-aged beau and man of business of Charles the Second's day, are essential to the biography, especially upon the author's plan.

The leading events in the life of Margaret Godolphin are few. She was born in 1652, of an old and respectable Suffolk family. Her father, Colonel Thomas Blagge, was a loyalist, much trusted by

Charles the First, in whose cause he distinguished himself. Her mother is said to have been a woman of great piety, worth, wit, and beauty. The family did not escape the troubles of the times; and Margaret when quite a child was sent to France with the old Duchess of Richmond. The Popish partisan of Queen Henrietta, Lady Guildford, wished the little girl to go to mass; but she had been so well taught that she not only refused but was able to answer her tempter; "which brought upon her some rudeness and menace; so as," says Evelyn, "she was become a confessor and almost a martyr before she was seven years old." When about eleven, she was confirmed by Gunning; who "was so surprised at those early graces he discovered in her, that he thought fit she should be admitted to the holy sacrament." At the request of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, Miss Blagge was appointed one of her maids of honor when only in her thirteenth year; and on the death of the duchess, in 1671, she was transferred to the queen's household. According to Evelyn, "there were some [serious] addresses made to her by the greatest persons;" but she had early become attached to Sidney Godolphin, and she resolved, if circumstances did not permit their union, never to marry. Indeed, during the long time they had to wait, she several times proposed to withdraw herself from the world and become a sort of Protestant nun; and Evelyn, to whom she constantly addressed herself, wrote a learned and eloquent dissuasive. In 1674, she was privately married, at the Temple church; her maid and Lady Berkeley only being present. Evelyn had been promised the office of father; and he attributes the concealment to Godolphin's desire; but there seems to have been some little disingenuity in the business, scarcely to have been expected from such a paragon. The marriage was not avowed for nearly a twelvemonth, and till its avowal the married pair lived apart. Mrs. Godolphin even went to France with Lady Berkeley, when Lord Berkeley was appointed ambassador; and at parting with Evelyn *acted* a fib about her marriage—Evelyn himself is obliged to call it a prevarication. She died in 1678, in her first confinement, apparently of puerperal fever; to which we should infer she was predisposed from some morbid temperament. We suspect, indeed, that she had the mystic constitution; and, had circumstances and the times favored the development, she might have gone mad in Methodism or as a Romanist been canonized. In the seventeenth century, that religious temperament, which under the first three Brunswicks ran wild with Whitefield and Wesley, and now passes through Tractarianism into Popery, was guided, and while seemingly encouraged was really restrained, by the simple and genial spirit of the Anglican divines.

The interest of this book is in its quiet, elegant, old-fashioned style, its portraiture of character, its anecdotes, and its picture of the times; for there are a good many incidental glimpses of them in Evelyn's narrative, but more in the quotations from Mrs. Godolphin's letters, journals, and papers—as she wrote herself, though she did not publish. The hours, the amusements, the occupations, the pastimes of respectable women of rank, are pretty clearly delineated; and the public life of the more dubious ladies of the court is indicated.

It is not often that we can have very full accounts of courtships. People are too full and sensitive during their continuance to talk about them, and afterwards they rather joke upon the matter. The exception is generally with religious persons, who



have a habit of confession, and of coloring every topic with one hue. Margaret Blagge was of this character, and gave the following account of her engagement to her biographer.

"I will relate to your Ladyship," writes Evelyn to the friend at whose desire he undertook the Life, "what I have learned from her selfe, when sometymes she was pleased to trust me with diverse passages of her Life. For it was not possible I could hear of soe long an Amour, soe honorable a love and constant passion, and which I easily perceived concerned her, as looking vpon herselfe vnsettled, and one who had long since resolved nott to make the Court her rest, butt I must be touched with some Care for her. I would now and then kindly chide her, why she suffer'd those languishments when I knew not on whome to lay the blame. For tho' she would industriously conceale her disquiett, and divert it vnder the notion of the Spleene, she could not butt acknowledge to me where the dart was fix'd; nor was anything more ingenious than what she now writt me vpon this Subject, by which your Ladyship will perceive, as with what peculiar confidence she was pleased to honor me, soe, with what early prudences and great pietye she manag'd the passion, which, of all other, young people are commonly the most precipitate in and vnadvise'd.

"I came," sayes she, "soe young, as I tell you, into the world, (that is, about 14 yeares of Age,) where no sooner was I entred, butt various opinions were delivered of me and the person whome (you know) was more favorable then the rest were to me, and did, after some tyme, declare it to me. The first thing which tempts young weomen is vanity; and I made that my great designe. Butt Love soone taught me another Lesson, and I found the trouble of being tyed to the hearing of any save him; which made me resolve that either he or none should have the possession of your Friend. Being thus soone sensible of Love my selfe, I was easily perswaded to keepe my selfe from giving him any cause of Jealousye, and in soe long a tyme never has there been the least.

"This, vnder God's providence, has been the means of preserving me from many of those misfortunes young Creatures meet with in the world, and in a Court especially. Att first we thought of nothing butt livinge allwayes togeather, and that we should be happy. Butt att last he was sent abroad by his Majestye, and fell sick, which gave me great trouble; and I allowed more tyme for Prayer and the performance of holy duties than before I had ever done, and I thank God, found infinite pleasure in it, farr beyond any other, and I thought less of foolish things that vsed to take vp my tyme. Being thus changed my selfe, and liking it soe well, I earnestly begg'd of God that he would impart the same satisfaction to him I loved; 'tis done, (my friend,) 'tis done; and from my soule I am thankful; and tho' I beleive he loves me passionately, yett I am not where I was; my place is fill'd vpp with HIM who is all in all. I find in him none of that tormenting passion to which I need sacrifice my selfe; butt still were wee dissengag'd from the world, wee should marry vnder such restraints as were fit, and by the agreeableness of our humour make each other happy. Butt att present there are obstructions; he must be perpetually engaged in buisness, and follow the Court, and live allwayes in the world, and soe have less tyme for the service of God, which is a sensible affliction to him; wherefore wee are not determined to precipitate that matter, butt to expect a while, and see how things will

goe; having a great mind to be togeather, which cannot with decency be done without marrying, nor, to either of our satisfactions, without being free from the world. In short, serving of God is our end; and if wee cannot do that quietly togeather, wee will asunder. You know our Saviour sayes, that all could not receive that doctrine, but to those who could, he gave noe contradiction; and if wee can butt pass our younger yeares, 'tis not likely wee should be concern'd for marrying when old. If wee could marry now, I don't see butt those inconveniencies may happen by sickness, or absence, or death. In a word, if we marry, it will be to serve God and to encourage one another dayly; if wee doe not, 'tis for that end too; and wee know God will direct those who sincerely desire his love above all other Considerations; now should we both resolve to continue as we are, be assur'd I should be as little Idle as if I were a wife."

**AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.**—A Corporal of the rifle brigade, for robbing a Spaniard of some bread, was tried by a drum-head court-martial, and brought out immediately afterwards for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the unhappy corporal, who till then bore an excellent character, was placed in the centre of the square, close to the triangle, the general said, in a stern voice, "Strip, sir." The corporal never uttered a word till actually tied up, when, turning his head round, as far as his humiliating position enabled him, he said, in a firm and respectful voice, "General Crawford, spare me." The general replied, "It cannot be; your crime is too great." The unhappy man, who was sentenced to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive two hundred lashes, then added, "Oh, general! do you recollect when we were both taken prisoners in Buenos Ayres? We were confined with others in a sort of pound. You sat on my knapsack, fatigued and hungry. I shared my last biscuit with you—on that occasion you shook me by the hand, swearing never to forget my kindness—it is now in your power. You know that when I committed the act for which I am now made so humiliating a spectacle to my comrades, we had been short of rations for some time." Not only the general, but the whole square, was affected by this address. The bugler, who stood behind the corporal, then, on a nod from the bugle-major, inflicted the first lash, which drew blood from as brave a fellow as ever carried a musket. The general started, and turning hastily round, said, "Who ordered that bugler to flog? Send him to drill! send him to drill! take him down! take him down! I remember it well!" all the time pacing up and down the square, wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide emotions that were visible to the whole square. After recovering his noble feeling, the gallant general uttered with a broken accent, "Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?" Then beckoning to his orderly for his horse, he mounted and galloped off. In a few days the corporal was restored to his rank, and I saw him a year afterwards a respected serjeant. Had the poor fellow's sentence been carried out, a valuable soldier would have been lost to the service, and a good man converted into a worthless one.

THE poet, when out of the sphere of his enthusiasm, is inanimate: he resembles the birds whose feathers shine most in flight.

THERE is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but, alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever.—Coleridge.

From the Spectator.

## THE LIFE OF MRS. FRY.\*

THE influence of Elizabeth Fry on prison discipline was somewhat analogous to that of Father Mathew on Irish temperance. Neither can be said to have started the subject, which was already moving in the minds of men; though Mrs. Fry has a greater title to that of originator than Father Mathew. Each, by winning manners, great persuasive powers, and the personal influence they bestow, produced effects that mere reason could never attain: the effects, indeed, were so remarkable that they looked miraculous, and excited the attention of the great and fashionable towards a wonder, which they never would have paid to a sober truth. But though personal qualities chiefly contributed to the success of both philanthropists, and the beneficial effects were therefore dependent upon their presence, and somewhat, too, upon novelty, circumstances, and impressive minds, it would be very unjust to limit the merit by the permanence of the miracles. They each made their subject a fashion, and placed it prominently before the world; so that whatever truth it contained was sure to keep its hold and find its way, in pretty exact proportion to its importance. Mrs. Fry did a good deal more than this. She moved or shamed authority into looking at shocking abuses, and applying some remedy, though perhaps neither systematic nor very efficient; by her private influence and public appeals she contributed to the amelioration of the criminal code and prison management; and she organized a means of continuing her own visitations, not only in Newgate, but through the country. If she attributed too much to her system and too little to herself—if she thought that circumstances and nature could be overcome by rules and hortatives—if she was probably imposed upon by unscrupulous hypocrisy, or deceived by the temporary emotion of an impressive mind—it is only what human nature is liable to, especially the nature of philanthropic enthusiasm.

The life of such a woman deserves to be written; although the incidents were comparatively few, and the more striking public portions of it are already recorded in scattered forms. Elizabeth Fry was a member of the well-known Gurney family, of Norwich, which settled in those parts about the time of the Conquest. The true spelling of the name, it seems, is Gournay, "derived from the town of Gournay en Brai, in Normandy; the Norman lords of which place held fiefs in Norfolk as early as the reign of William Rufus." The paternal ancestor of Elizabeth Gurney was a disciple of George Fox; her mother was a Barclay, of the Barclays of Ury, and grand-daughter of the apologist for the Quakers: so that Elizabeth was, like Paul, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews." But she had fallen upon evil days. The age—she was born in 1780—was philosophical or indifferent, the most religious people not scrupling to associate with avowed infidels. Some of the Gurneys had fallen back to the Anglican church; others were only nominal "Friends." The father of Elizabeth appears, at that time, to have belonged to this latter class: a man of a social disposition, courteous in manner, popular in the place, and of unusual liberality of sentiment towards other denominations. Mrs. Gurney was a woman of piety; but she died when her daughter Elizabeth

was only twelve years old. To the unfavorable influences of the times and family example was added that of wealth, and, according to Mrs. Fry's own account, as well as the views of her husband and daughters, she had genial feelings tending to sin. Earlham, the family seat, was the resort of the rich and gay. Prince William, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, was quartered at Norwich, and partook of the hospitalities of Earlham; and before seventeen, Elizabeth in her journal notes the pleasure her pride derived from his company. She danced, she sang, she fell into the ways of the world, and flaunted in a scarlet riding-habit. She rates herself for being giddy in speech, given to flirting, apt to touch the faults of others in conversation, and "mumping" when jealous of her sisters. In this account there is doubtless the usual exaggeration of an enthusiastic mind under self-examination, and testing thoughts and conduct by an ideal abstraction. The reader may judge from a few specimens.

"January 1797.—My mind is in so dark a state that I see everything through a black medium.

"April.—Why do I wish so much for the prince to come? Pride, alas! is the cause. Do such feelings hurt my mind? They may not, in this instance; but if given way to, they are difficult to overcome. How am I to overcome them? \* \* \*

"April 25th.—I feel by experience how much entering into the world hurts me: worldly company, I think, materially injures; it excites a false stimulus, such as a love of pomp, pride, vanity, jealousy, and ambition; it leads to think about dress, and such trifles; and when out of it, we fly to novels and scandal, or something of that kind, for entertainment. I have lately been given up a good deal to worldly passions; by what I have felt I can easily imagine how soon I should be quite led away.

"29th.—I met the prince; it showed me the folly of the world; my mind feels very flat after this storm of pleasure.

"May 16th.—There is a sort of luxury in giving way to the feelings! I love to feel for the sorrows of others, to pour wine and oil into the wounds of the afflicted: there is a luxury in feeling the heart glow, whether it be with joy or sorrow.

"I like to think of everything, to look at mankind; I love to 'look through Nature up to Nature's God.' I have no more religion than that, and in the little I have I am not the least devotional; but when I admire the beauties of nature, I cannot help thinking of the source from whence such beauties flow. I feel it a support; I believe firmly that all is guided for the best by an invisible power; therefore I do not fear the evils of life so much. I love to feel good; I do what I can to be kind to everybody. I have many faults, which I hope in time to overcome. \* \* \*

"July 7th.—I have seen several things in myself and others I never before remarked; but I have not tried to improve myself; I have given way to my passions, and let them have command over me; I have known my faults, and not corrected them; and now I am determined I will once more try, with redoubled ardor, to overcome my wicked inclinations. I must not flirt; I must not ever be out of temper with the children; I must not contradict without a cause; I must not mump when my sisters are liked and I am not; I must not allow myself to be angry; I must not exaggerate, which I am inclined to do; I must not give way to

\* Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry; with Extracts from her Journal and Letters. Edited by two of her Daughters. In two volumes. Volume I. Gilpin.

luxury; I must not be idle in mind; I must try to give way to every good feeling and overcome every bad. I will see what I can do; if I had but perseverance I could do all that I wish; I will try. I have lately been too satirical, so as to hurt sometimes; remember, it is always a fault to hurt others.

"4th.—I have a cross to-night. I had very much set my mind on going to the oratorio: the prince was to be there; and by all accounts it will be quite a grand sight, and there will be the finest music. But if my father does not like me to go, much as I wish it I will give it up with pleasure, if it be in my power without a murmur. I went to the oratorio; I enjoyed it, but spoke sadly at random: what a bad habit!

"19th.—Idle and relaxed in mind; greatly dissipated by hearing the band, &c. &c. Music has a great effect on me; it at times makes me feel almost beside myself."

It will have been gathered that her religion was at this time rather a sentiment than a principle—a species of Deism, vivified by the remembrance of her mother's lessons and her own religious nature, rather than anything dogmatic or theological. This was a state in which Elizabeth Gurney could only have remained by being placed in circumstances of continual excitement, with her affections strongly engaged at the same time. Her temperament was too genial and rationally mystic to rest quiet, under the leisure of common life, in scepticism or general reliance—

"Safe in the hands of one disposing power,  
Or in the natal or the mortal hour."

She wanted something more definite, more sensuous, than a philosophical opinion; and a Quaker missionary or itinerant preacher from America converted her to the plainest and perhaps the most spiritual of Christian denominations, where an apparent equality sustains the scriptural injunctions, and at the same time flatters the pride of mortal man, while peculiarities of speech and dress give a distinction as marked as a uniform or a badge of knighthood. She did not, however, fall into her new creed without a struggle.

"My mind," she writes on the 6th February, 1798, two days after the day of grace, which is marked as the 4th, "has by degrees flown from religion. I rode to Norwich, [she was a capital horsewoman,] and had a very serious ride there; but meeting, and being looked at with apparent admiration by some officers, brought on vanity; and I came home as full of the world as I went to town full of heaven."

Finery in dress still held sway, and was indeed but gradually abandoned. She had struggles about dancing, music, and singing. As she advanced more towards Quakerism, she was strongly tempted on the substitution of "thee" for "you"; but that word gave way like the enchanted forms of old romance before the knight who was bold enough to advance against them. Once making up her mind to say it, she was surprised at the easiness with which "thee" was said. Giving utterance to what the spirit moved in "meetings" was a more anxious affair; but by the close of 1799 she had become a complete Friend. She ceased to date by the heathen names of the months, and "wore the cap and close handkerchief." In 1800 she accepted a proposal of marriage from Mr. Fry; and as his family were Quakers of a much stricter sect than her own, she soon adopted all the

starched peculiarities of Quakerism, as far as her genial and catholic nature would allow her.

With this stage of Elizabeth Fry's career one source of the interest of the book ceases. The journal no longer furnishes the struggles of a mind and the well marked delineation of a character; but consists in the main of mere outpourings. Family incidents and domestic feelings—the birth of children, their illness or death, and that of friends, with similar topics—vary and relieve the monotony of mere reverie, or somewhat generalized phrasing in prayer; but much is felt to be matterless and tedious. Her public preaching and praying seem to have induced a rather vague diffuseness in place of the terseness of her early style. Sectarian expectation among the Friends, and the feelings of her own family, explain the length to which the extracts from Mrs. Fry's journal have been carried; but the editors would have exercised a sounder discretion and produced a more generally interesting book had they been more chary of quotations that contain no facts, and given more of narrative in their own agreeable, close, and natural style. In dealing with private papers, such as this volume in great part consists of, it should ever be borne in mind that strangers do not and cannot take the same interest in them as acquaintances; nor do the documents when allusive and expressive of feeling upon events, rather than descriptive of the events themselves, convey the same information, or perhaps any information at all. To the family, knowing all the particulars of which hints alone are given, and remembering the sentiments and discourse of the dead, the words, however vague, call up the things; but strangers are not in such a position, and cannot be. In such cases, a narrative by the survivors is not only more interesting, but more informing than original papers; and such a narrative the present editors are fully capable of giving, as is evinced by what they have done. It is too late now to touch the second volume; but in the case of a new edition a very thorough pruning would be a great improvement.

So little did Mrs. Fry often deal with facts in her private record, that the events which made her a public character—her introduction to Newgate, and the steps by which she was led on to the reform of prisoners—are only indicated in her journals. In 1811, the Friends acknowledged Elizabeth Fry as a minister; a recognition apparently somewhat similar in effect to ordination in the Episcopal churches or a "call" in other communions: at least it endows the persons so acknowledged with more ministerial authority than belongs to a simple Quaker. It is customary for such persons, having obtained the consent of the "Meeting," to go about on missionary objects; or, as it is phrased, to "travel in the work of the ministry." In 1813, Mrs. Fry and some coadjutors visited Newgate in their ministerial capacity. The following entry is the only record of these first visits.

"16th.—Yesterday we were some hours at Newgate with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities; we had been twice previously. Before we went away, dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words in supplication, and, very unexpectedly to myself, I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they appeared much tendered: a very solemn quiet was observed; it was a striking scene, the poor people on their knees around us, in their deplorable condition."

Family matters and other engagements prevented her from giving further attendance in Newgate



for some years, though the subject is said to have been frequently in her thoughts. In 1817, she appears to have begun by establishing a school for the children of the female prisoners, which was extended to some of the prisoners themselves; and thus the way was gradually opened to the system of voluntary discipline under the encouragement of the authorities, which made Newgate for some years a fashionable show-place, and Mrs. Fry one of the celebrities of the day. The story, up to 1823, in which year the volume closes, is very well told; though some of the matter is not new, having been drawn from "blue books" and other printed sources. There is also a good deal of interest attached to it. The reader is carried back to the good old days, when criminals were hung up by half-dozens at a time, and the pious wisdom of Lord Eldon refused to admit the slightest alteration in a criminal code which enlisted the sympathies of the kindest hearts and the strictest moralists in favor of the felon, often giving him the character of a martyr to cruelty rather than of a victim to justice. We have glimpses, too, of the doings or no-doings of the colonial office, in the utter neglect, year after year, of the body and souls of the female convicts, and in the merest matters of decency and discipline. Mr. Marsden, the chaplain of New South Wales, having first privately and then officially addressed the various authorities—having come to England and memorialized the government through the Archbishop of Canterbury, and having received promises, that never were kept, for the erection of some place for the reception of female convicts—in 1820 addressed himself to Mrs. Fry, as a person who would take that interest in the subject which government did not.

"I informed some of my friends in England, as well as in the colony, that if no attention was paid to the female convicts, I was determined to lay their case before the British nation; and then I was certain, from the moral and religious feeling which pervades all ranks, that redress would be obtained. However, nothing has been done yet to remedy the evils of which I complain. For the last five-and-twenty years, many of the convict women have been driven to vice to obtain a loaf of bread or a bed to lie upon. To this day, there never has been a place to put the female convicts in when they land from the ships. Many of these women have told me with tears their distress of mind on this account; some would have been glad to have returned to the paths of virtue, if they could have found a hut to live in without forming improper connexions. Some of these women, when they have been brought before me as a magistrate, and I have remonstrated with them for their crimes, have replied, 'I have no other means of living; I am compelled to give my weekly allowance of provisions for my lodgings; and I must starve, or live in vice.' I was well aware that this statement was correct, and was often at a loss what to answer. It is not only the calamities that these wretched women and their children suffer that is to be regretted; but the general corruption of morals that such a system establishes in this rising colony, and the ruin their example spreads through all the settlements. The male convicts in the service of the crown, or in that of individuals, are tempted to rob and plunder continually to supply the urgent necessities of these women.

"All the female convicts have not run the same lengths in vice. All are not equally hardened in crime. And it is most dreadful that all should

alike, on their arrival here, be liable and exposed to the same dangerous temptations, without any remedy. I rejoice, madam, that you reside near the seat of government, and may have it in your power to call the attention of his majesty's ministers to this important subject—a subject on which the entire welfare of these settlements are involved. If proper care is taken of the women, the colony will prosper, and the expenses to the mother-country will be reduced. On the contrary, if the morals of the female convicts are wholly neglected, as they have been hitherto, the colony will be only a nursery for crime; and mothers will continue, as they now do, to abandon their daughters at an early age to every kind of evil, for the sake of gain; and the burdens of these settlements will increase with the increasing number of persons who live in vice, idleness, and debauchery."

Various other topics in connection with Newgate thirty years since, and the troubles of Mrs. Fry as a celebrity, or her conduct as a philanthropist, attract us; but this notice has already run its full length, and we must stop.

From the Examiner.

Only a portion of this work is before us. Much of it, immediately relating to the sect of which Mrs. Fry was a distinguished member and minister, we shall not remark upon. We are hardly qualified to do so. But in addition to this it contains important matter for readers of every class who take an interest in social improvement and human progress.

It is well and justly said by Mrs. Fry's daughters, that the development of her unselfish character, the expansiveness of her charity, and the unwearied action of her benevolence, rose far above the sectarian and peculiar tenets of her belief. We will say, further, that this has been in all times the leading and honorable distinction of the persuasion she belonged to. It began with George Fox; and since his schools for boys and for girls, "to instruct them in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation," there has been no great social work, no cause in any way affecting the larger interests of humanity, which has not had its active, zealous, and foremost advocates among the society of Friends.

Mrs. Fry's maiden name was Gurney. Her family have distinguished themselves in connection with their native city of Norwich. But her father was not a strict member of the family sect. He was very far indeed from a plain Quaker. He was social in his tastes and habits, had a touch of freedom in his opinions, and though he never left the society, seems to have passed his time with people who were not members of it. His wife was more strict, but died in her daughter's childhood; though not before this daughter had given evidence of a singularly conscientious disposition in one so young, of remarkable talents, and of what seemed to be the longing for a more earnest religious faith than that in which she had been brought up.

"I like to think of everything, to look at mankind; I love to 'look through Nature up to Nature's God.' I have no more religion than that, and in the little I have I am not the least devotional; but when I admire the beauties of nature, I cannot help thinking of the source from whence such beauties flow. I feel it a support; I believe firmly that all is guided for the best by an invisible power, therefore I do not fear the evils of life so much. I love to feel good—I do what I can to be kind to everybody. I

have many faults which I hope in time to overcome."

That is from a journal written when she was sixteen. Many extracts are given from it, which seem to us truthful, naive, and charming in the extreme. Her seventeenth birthday is thus recorded:—

"Monday, 21st.—I am seventeen to-day. Am I a happier or a better creature than I was this time twelve months? I know I am happier; I think I am better. I hope I shall be much better this day year than I am now. I hope to be quite an altered person, to have more knowledge, to have my mind in greater order; and my heart too, that wants to be put in order as much, if not more, than any part of me, it is in such a fly-away state; but I think if ever it were settled on one object it would never, no never, fly away any more; it would rest quietly and happily on the heart that was open to receive it, it will then be most constant; it is not my fault it now flies away—it is owing to circumstances."

Her heart seems chiefly to have "flown away" to very harmless and pardonable little vanities, such, among others, as a love of seeing great and grand folk. But we discover, even in this childish record, the woman who afterwards so nobly devoted herself to the good of her fellow-creatures. See how she lays down a map of duty, even while she fancies she has lost her own way:—

"We should first look to ourselves, and try to make ourselves virtuous, and then pleasing. Those who are truly virtuous, not only do themselves good, but they add to the good of all. All have a portion entrusted to them of the general good, and those who cherish and preserve it are blessings to society at large; and those who do not, become a curse. It is wonderfully ordered, how in acting for our own good, we promote the good of others. My idea of religion is, not for it to unfit us for the duties of life, like a nun who leaves them for prayer and thanksgiving; but I think it should stimulate and capacitate us to perform these duties properly. Seeing my father low this evening, I have done all I can to make him comfortable, I feel it one of my first duties; I hope he will always find in me a most true friend and affectionate daughter."

A better "idea of religion" it would be difficult indeed to suggest, though, with the strong sense she seems to have had of a void in her own mind in this respect, it was well that something came to fill it. This something was the preaching of an American, William Savery, who had come over on a Quaker mission to this country. But while the first impressions of devotion it produced still haunted and impressed her, her father resolved that she should visit London. He seems to have wished that she should see the entire world before she rejected any part of it. To London accordingly she went, and her journal contains curious mention of the visitings and gayeties she took part in. She painted a little; loved the great folks still; adored his royal highness the prince; liked Mrs. Inchbald vastly; and made merry with Peter Pindar!

"26th.—This morning I went to Amelia Opie's and had a pleasant time. I called on Mrs. Siddons, who was not at home; then on Dr. Batty; then on Mrs. Twiss, who gave me some paint for the evening. I was painted a little, I had my hair dressed, and did look pretty for me. Mr. Opie, Amelia, and I, went to the opera concert. I own I do love grand company. The Prince of Wales was there; and I must say I felt more pleasure in looking at him than in seeing the rest of the company, or

hearing the music. I did nothing but admire his royal highness; but I had a very pleasant evening indeed.

"27th.—I called with Mrs. H——, and Amelia, on Mrs. Inchbald. I like her vastly, she seems so clever and so interesting. I then went to Hampstead, and staid at our cousin Hoare's until the 12th of April. I returned to Clapham. My uncle Barclay, with great begging, took us to the opera. The house is dazzling, the company animating, the music hardly at all so, the dancing delightful. H—— came in in the middle of the opera, I was charmed to see him, I was most merry, I just saw the Prince of Wales. Tuesday.—My dearest father came to London, we dined at the —, and went to a rout in the evening. Friday.—I had a pleasant merry day with Peter Pindar (Dr. Walcot.) Monday.—I went with my father and the Barclays to Sir George Staunton's."

But the effort at gayety leaves her more inclined than ever to the plain preaching and strict observances of William Savery. She finds she does not like plays; she likes meetings better; she likes them better than even royal highnesses; and has, in short, a call which she feels she must obey. She announces to her friends that she must *thee* and *thou* them in future, and become in all respects (but her pretty face) a plain Quaker.\* Very amusing is her own confession of the little shames and difficulties she had then to encounter and overthrow:

"Coventry, 6th.—I rose in good time to write to Priscilla Gurney, and felt in a state of darkness and discouragement about my language, but I am happy to say my mind again feels clear. I dare not draw back. I hope to continue in the habit with spirit, and if by yesterday week I have kept up to it, and then feel discouraged, I may give it up. I felt saying thee very difficult to-day to Mrs. —, but I perceived it was far more so after I sang to them. I altogether get on pretty well, but doubts came into my mind this morning; yet were I not to persevere I should, I believe, feel unhappy in it. How shall I say thee to H—— in Norwich! It will, I think, make me lose all my dissipation of character, and be a guard upon my tongue.

"Earlham, 9th.—My father, Kitty, and myself, set out early this morning for Newmarket. When I was there, I saw Henry B——; my sensation was odd when I saw him, for I took to my heels and ran away. I thought I could not get courage to address him in the plain language; but after I collected myself, I did it without much difficulty. How easy it has been made to me! By what nice degrees I have entered it, but I believe the hardest part is to come; I have felt the advantage of it, though at times in a dark and discouraging state. It makes me think before I speak, and avoid saying much, and also avoid the spirit of gayety and flirting."

Yet the metamorphosis took some time. She danced, and she rode on horseback, and she wore scarlet habits, even after she had thoroughly mastered the *thee* and the *thou*.

"We have no exact knowledge of the time when the scarlet riding-habit was abandoned; nor is it easy to ascertain by what gradations she became a Friend in outward appearance. She was slow in adopting the costume; she first laid aside all ornament, then she chose quiet and inconspicuous col-

\*How little the Examiner knows about the "plain Quakers!" Their pretty faces are celebrated. But this is a memory of the heart, for in Boston they seldom appear.—LIV. AGE.

ors, and had her dresses made with perfect simplicity. As late as the spring of 1799, an eye-witness describes her in a plain slate-colored silk dress; but a black lace veil twisted in the turban fashion of the day, with her long blonde hair, the ends hanging on one side."

We pass without comment a considerable interval, in which the revelations of her journal, though still most interesting for their development of an earnest, truthful, and original character, chiefly concern the interests of her sect, and her own striking participation in the duties of its ministry. When our extracts re-commence, she is a happy wife and mother, has passed her thirty-second year, and has been taken accidentally to visit Newgate. The state of that prison, and the results of the visit, are thus described by her daughters:—

"At that time all the female prisoners in Newgate were confined in the part now known as the untried side. The larger portion of the quadrangle was then used as a state-prison. The partition wall was not of sufficient height to prevent the state-prisoners from overlooking the narrow yard, and the windows of the two wards and two cells, of which the women's division consisted: these four rooms comprised about one hundred and ninety superficial yards, into which at the time of these visits nearly three hundred women with their numerous children were crowded; tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons; without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked, and washed.

"With the proceeds of their clamorous begging, when any stranger appeared amongst them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Beyond that necessary for safe custody, there was little restraint over their communication with the world without.

"Although military sentinels were posted on the leads of the prison, such was the lawlessness prevailing, that Mr. Newman, the governor, entered this portion of it with reluctance. Fearful that their watches should be snatched from their sides, he advised the ladies (though without avail) to leave them in his house.

"Into this scene Mrs. Fry entered, accompanied only by one lady, a sister of Sir T. F. Buxton. The sorrowful and neglected condition of these depraved women, and their miserable children, dwelling in such a vortex of corruption, deeply sank into her heart, although at this time nothing more was done than to supply the most destitute with clothes. A vivid recollection of the green baize garments, and the pleasure of assisting in their preparation for this purpose, is still retained in her family. She carried back to her home, and into the midst of other interests and avocations, a lively remembrance of all that she had witnessed in Newgate; which within four years induced that systematic effort for ameliorating the condition of these poor outcasts, so signally blessed by Him who said, 'That joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.'"

We need not dwell on the slow but gradual and

certain progress to good which this "systematic effort" led to. Observe the scenes in those days of familiar occurrence, in the midst of which she labored. No such heart-rending tasks as these awaited even the good Doctor Primrose!

"I have just returned from a most melancholy visit to Newgate, where I have been at the request of Elizabeth Fricker, previous to her execution tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. I found her much hurried, distressed, and tormented in mind. Her hands cold, and covered with something like the perspiration preceding death, and in an universal tremor. The women who were with her said she had been so outrageous before our going, that they thought a man must be sent for to manage her. However, after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calmed. But is it for man thus to take the prerogative of the Almighty into his own hands? Is it not his place rather to endeavor to reform such, or restrain them from the commission of further evil? At least to afford poor erring fellow-mortals, whatever may be their offences, an opportunity of proving their repentance by amendment of life. Besides this poor young woman, there are also six men to be hanged, one of whom has a wife near her confinement, also condemned, and seven young children. Since the awful report came down, he has become quite mad from horror of mind. A strait waistcoat could not keep him within bounds; he had just bitten the turnkey; I saw the man come out with his hand bleeding, as I passed the cell. I hear that another, who had been tolerably educated and brought up, was doing all he could to harden himself through unbelief, trying to convince himself that religious truths were idle tales. In this endeavor he appeared to have been too successful with several of his fellow-sufferers. He sent to beg for a bottle of wine, no doubt in the hope of drowning his misery, and the fears that would arise, by a degree of intoxication. I inquired no further, I had seen and heard enough."

The poor woman was hanged on the following day. Her alleged crime was participation in a robbery, and soon after her death the following statement was published by a person in authority. The knowledge of the strong probabilities of the woman's innocence had not availed to obtain her a reprieve!

"A man by the name of Kelly, who was executed some weeks back for robbing a house, counteracted by his conversation, and by the jest he made of all religious feelings, the labor of Dr. Cotton to produce repentance and remorse among the prisoners in the cells; and he died as he lived, hardened and unrepenting. He sent to me the day before his execution, and when I saw him, he maintained the innocence of the woman convicted with him, asserting, that not Fricker, but a boy concealed, opened the door and let him into the house. When I pressed him to tell me the name of the parties concerned, whereby to save the woman's life, he declined complying without a promise of pardon; I urged as strongly as I could the crime of suffering an innocent woman to be executed to screen criminal accomplices; but it was all to no effect, and he suffered, maintaining to the last the same story. With him was executed a boy of nineteen or twenty years of age, whose fears and remorse Kelly was constantly ridiculing."

Another similar case recorded in Mrs. Fry's journals is even more affecting. It is thus described by her daughters:

"Among the rest was a woman named Harriet



Skelton; a very child might have read her countenance, open, confiding, expressing strong feeling, but neither hardened in depravity, nor capable of cunning; her story bore out this impression. Under the influence of the man she loved, she had passed forged notes; adding one more to the melancholy list of those, who by the finest impulses of our nature, uncontrolled by religion, have been but lured to their own destruction.

"She was ordered for execution—the sentence was unlooked for—her deportment in the prison had been good—amenable to regulations, quiet and orderly; some of her companions in guilt were heard to say, that they supposed she was chosen for death because she was better prepared than the rest of them.

"Her case excited the strongest compassion; Mrs. Fry was urged even vehemently to exert herself in behalf of the unfortunate woman; there were circumstances of extenuation, though not of a nature to alter the letter of the law. Amongst other attempts she made one through the Duke of Gloucester. They had not seen each other for many years, not since the days of the scarlet riding-habit, and the military band, at Norwich. How differently did they meet now—on what altered ground renew their acquaintance. Life had been tried by them both—the world and its fascinations. The Duke of Gloucester came to Newgate; and his former companion in the dance led him with sober if not solemn brow through the gloom and darkness of that most gloomy of prisons. He made a noble effort to save Skelton by an application to Lord Sidmouth; he accompanied Mrs. Fry to the bank directors, but all was in vain; the law took its course, and she was hanged."

We regret that we cannot subjoin the entire account of her exertions in this case. She ceased intercourse with Lord Sidmouth because of his conduct in relation to it. She pressed her way even to royalty, but with no immediate effect. What the effect of her exertions proved, however, in a wider sense, we shall have the opportunity of remarking when the completion of the memoir is before us.

The editorial portion of the present volume is executed with great tact and delicacy. A subject is never too much insisted upon. The allusions in the journals are illustrated with as much brevity as care; and the style of comment and description is of a pleasant old-world kind, picturesque, and with a touch of quaintness. We greatly like the general tone and spirit of the book. It is a book to make a kind man's eye "sparkle benignantly," as Boswell describes Johnson's to have done at the sayings and doings of the Elizabeth Fry of his day.

From the Examiner.

*Men, Women, and Books; a Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs, from his uncollected Prose Writings.* By LEIGH HUNT. Two Vols. Smith and Elder.

Nothing has more prominently characterized Mr. Leigh Hunt's writing than its warmth and sincerity. He has seldom written anything so slight that it did not contain some portion of himself; some personal verity of experience or thought, which would some time or other justify its revival. Contributions to periodicals have been properly called fugitive, for what they do themselves, as well as make their readers do; but the sketches before us

have durable characteristics. They have the "qualities to wear well" which are spoken of in Goldsmith's *Vicar*; and which to this hour have kept the gown of the good Mrs. Primrose as fresh as when she bought it for her wedding-day.

There are some writers of whom we cannot think as writers merely. Incidentally we have named one, and we have a modern example before us. There is little danger in predicting of Mr. Leigh Hunt, that, in the admiration with which another race of readers is likely to regard him, personal affection will mingle largely. Nor does it seem to us that the life of a man of letters, however chequered by toil or hardship, can have a nobler or more delightful reward. Mere critical approbation fades before it. No appeals to the judgment can enrich a reputation that has already found its way to the heart.

In the writings here collected, as in the books by which Mr. Hunt is better known, we see how and why this is. Prince Hamlet selected for his friend the man who had "good spirits" for his revenue; and Prince Posterity will do the same. The buffets and rewards of fortune have been alike to Mr. Hunt; his equal thanks for what is good and noble in the world have not been intercepted by its accidents or pains; and nothing so truly contributes as this cheerful philosophy to the estate "which wits inherit after death." It is with becoming satisfaction and well-warranted self-respect that Mr. Hunt speaks, at the close of his preface to this book, of having done his best, in all his writings, to recommend that belief in good, that cheerfulness in endeavor, that discernment of universal beauty, that brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, and that repose on the happy destiny of the whole human race, which have always appeared to him not only the healthiest and most animating principles of action, but the only truly religious homage to him that made us all. So would he console himself, he remarks, for those short-comings either in life or writings which most men of any power of reflection are bound to discover in themselves as they grow old. "Let adversity," he concludes, "be allowed the comfort of these reflections; and may all who allow them experience the writer's cheerfulness, with none of the troubles that have rendered it almost his only possession."

Is it to be in this case, then, as in so many others, that the wit's estate of which we have spoken shall be the wit's only inheritance; that all must follow after death, and nothing go before it? We are very loth to think so. Surely, if a recognition of men of letters is ever again to be made or acted on by an English minister, it is eminently called for in the case of Mr. Leigh Hunt. We can, indeed, imagine the state, prodigal to all the services but those of peace and civilization, deciding to take no further heed of literary claims; the niggardly dole dispensed at present seems to point at no distant day to such a consummation: but till such a determination is plainly avowed, we will not believe that Mr. Hunt can again be overlooked. With even a tory administration his case would be a strong one, for his last twenty-five years have been passed in the writing of excellent, unexceptionable books, which have cherished social sympathies, promoted liberal tastes, and administered to honest enjoyment; but his is a case which men of popular opinions should surely consider irresistible, since it was the resolute maintenance of those opinions in unpopular times which has harassed and impeded his every later exertion. It would have been well for Mr. Hunt

if his Eldon and Ellenborough sacrifices had been only in purse and person. He suffered in good name. He lost ground in reputation. His talents were cheapened and made of less account. To expenses in law inflicted on him in those days, are to be added calumnies in literature, which, regarded at their worth by intelligent men, could not so be regarded by booksellers who have to cater for all men. And this for saying something less, and in far more moderate language, than is now said daily without question! Why, if the existing ministry were simply to resolve to pay back to Mr. Hunt, with legal interest, what was unjustly taken from him in so much hard money by their predecessors, it might satisfy the present claim. But let the curious reader turn back to the papers of the time—let him see what it was, and for what, Mr. Hunt suffered—let him balance the account with Catholic claims, with parliamentary reform, with army flogging, with free trade, with liberty of free speech—with everything that then outlived and now exalts a man—and say honestly, and without exaggeration, how he conceives Mr. Hunt's account to stand with a liberal ministry.

We have wandered from the collection of essays, but the reader will forgive the digression. It is a reprint from the magazines and reviews (including the *Edinburgh*) to which Mr. Hunt has contributed during the last quarter of a century; and is full of variety, beauty, and cheerfulness. It is a book to lie in the cherished corner of a pleasant room, and to be taken up when the spirits have need of sunshine. It ranges through every subject indicated in its comprehensive title—women of beauty and wit; men of scholarship and genius; deathless books—and in its fancy and understanding, its reason and imagination, lovingly embraces all. For what says the writer!

"I can pass, with as much pleasure as ever, from the reading of one of Hume's essays to that of the Arabian Nights, and *vice versa*; and I think, the longer I live, the closer, if possible, will the union grow. The roads are found to approach nearer in proportion as we advance upon either, and they both terminate in the same prospect.

"I am far from meaning that there is nothing real in either road. The path of matter of fact is as solid as ever; but they who do not see the reality of the other, keep but a blind and prone beating upon their own surface. To drop the metaphor, matter of fact is our perception of the grosser and more external shapes of truth; fiction represents the residuum and the mystery. To love matter of fact is to have a lively sense of the visible and immediate; to love fiction is to have as lively a sense of the possible and the remote. Now these two senses, if they exist at all, are of necessity as real, the one as the other. The only proof of either is in our perception.

"Mechanical knowledge is a great and a glorious tool in the hands of man, and will change the globe. But it will still leave untouched the invisible sphere above and about us; still leave us all the great and all the gentle objects of poetry—the heavens and the human heart, the regions of genii and fairies, the fanciful or passionate images that come to us from the seas, and from the flowers, and all that we behold."

The book which the present most resembles in Mr. Hunt's former writings (and this is a great compliment) is the *Indicator*. For though its papers are longer, they have the same cordial mixture of

fact and imagination. We pass from the inside of an omnibus into the very thick of the world of books; leave Jack Abbott's breakfast to join an evening party with Peregrine Pickle, Parson Adams, and Clarissa; and contrast the sorrows and joys of immortal men with "The Day of the Disasters of Carlington Blundell, Esquire."

But they are delightful volumes for extract, and we shall best deserve the reader's thanks by expressing their merits in that way.

"Here is a question put and answered irresistibly:

"I beg leave to ask the candid reader, how he can prove to me that all the heroes and heroines that have made him hope, fear, admire, hate, love, shed tears, and laugh till his sides were ready to burst, in novels and poems, are not in possession of as perfect credentials of their existence as the fattest of us? Common physical palpability is only a proof of mortality. The particles that crowd and club together to form such obvious compounds as Thomson and Jackson, and to be able to resist death for a little while, are fretted away by a law of their very resistance; but the immortal people in Pope and Fielding, the deathless generations in Chaucer, in Shakespeare, in Goldsmith, in Sterne, and Le Sage, and Cervantes—acquaintances and friends who remain forever the same, whom we meet at a thousand turns, and know as well as we do our own kindred, though we never set gross corporeal eyes on them—what is the amount of the actual effective existence of millions of Jacksons and Tomkinsons compared with theirs? Are we as intimate, I wish to know, with our aunt as we are with Miss Western? Could we not speak to the character of Tom Jones in any court in Christendom? Are not scores of clergymen continually passing away in this transitory world, gone and forgotten, while Parson Adams remains as stout and hearty as ever?"

So believing, Mr. Hunt invites himself to an evening party composed of these creatures of the imagination, and paints it so vividly to the life that the last party at Thomson's or Smith's is nothing to it. Observe some new arrivals:

"The next arrival—(conceive how my heart expanded at the sight)—consisted of the Rev. Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, with his family, and the Miss Flamboroughs; the latter red and staring with delight. The doctor apologized for not being sooner; but Mrs. Primrose said she was sure the gentlefolks would excuse him, knowing that people accustomed to good society were never in a flurry on such occasions. Her husband would have made some remark on this; but seeing that she was prepared to appeal to her 'son, the squire,' who flattered and made her his butt, and that Sir William Thornhill and both the young married ladies would be in pain, he forebore. The Vicar made haste to pay his respects to Sir Charles and Lady Grandison, who treated him with great distinction, Sir Charles taking him by the hand, and calling him his 'good and worthy friend.' I observed that Mr. Moses Primrose had acquired something of a collected and cautious look, as if determined never to be cheated again. He happened to seat himself next to Peregrine Pickle, who informed him, to his equal surprise and delight, that Captain Booth had written a refutation of materialism. He added that the captain did not choose at present to be openly talked of as the author, though he did not mind being complimented upon it in an obscure and ingenious way. I noticed after this that a game of cross

purposes was going on between Booth and Moses, which often forced a blush from the captain's lady. It was with much curiosity I recognized the defect in the latter's nose. I did not find it at all in the way when I looked at her lips. It appeared to me even to excite a kind of pity, by no means injurious to the most physical admiration; but I did not say this to Lady Grandison, who asked my opinion on the subject. Booth was a fine strapping fellow, though he had not much in his face. When Mr. and Mrs. Booby (the famous Pamela) afterwards came in, he attracted so much attention from the latter, that upon her asking me, with a sort of pitying smile, what I thought of him, I ventured to say in a pun that I looked upon him as a very good 'Booth for the fair;' upon which to my astonishment she blushed as red as scarlet, and told me that her dear Mr. B. did not approve of such speeches. My pun was a mere pun, and meant little; certainly nothing to the disadvantage of the sentimental part of the sex, for whom I thought him by no means a finished companion. But there is no knowing these precise people."

#### PARSON ADAMS.

"Bear witness, spirit of everything that is true, that, with the exception of one or two persons, only to be produced in these latter times, we love such a man as Abraham Adams better than all the characters in all the histories of the world, orthodox or not orthodox. We hold him to be only inferior to a Shakspeare; and only then because the latter joins the height of wisdom intellectual to his wisdom cordial. He should have been Shakspeare's chaplain, and played at bowls with him. What a sound heart—and a fist to stand by it! This is better than Sir Charles' fencing, without which his polite person—(virtue included)—would often have been in an awkward way. What disinterestedness! What feeling! What real modesty! What a harmless spice of vanity—Nature's kind gift—the comfort we all treasure more or less about us, to keep ourselves in heart with ourselves! In fine, what a regret of his *Æschylus*! and a delicious forgetting that he could not see to read if he had had it! Angels should be painted with periwigs, to look like him."

Most unanswerable arguments for the ballot are condensed in a masterly appeal

#### AGAINST LYING.

"O love of truth! believer in all good and beautiful things! believer even in one's self, and therefore believer in others, and such as are far better than one's self! putter of security into the heart, of solidity into the ground we tread upon, of loveliness into the flowers, of hope into the stars! retainer of youth in age, and of comfort in adversity! bringer of tears into the eyes that look upon these imperfect words, to think how large and longing the mind of man is, compared with his frail virtues and his transitory power, and what mornings of light and abundance thou hast in store, nevertheless, for the whole human race, preparing to ripen for them in accordance with their belief in its possibility, and their resolution to work for it in loving trust! Oh! shall they be thought guilty of deserting thee, because, out of the very love of truth, they feel themselves bound to proclaim to what extent it does not exist? because, out of the very love of truth, they will not suffer those who care nothing for it to pretend to a religious zeal in its behalf, when the lie is to be turned against themselves?"

"One of the bitterest sights in the world, to a lover of equal dealing, is the selfish and concealed arrogance with which the rich demand virtues on the side of the poor, which they do not exercise themselves. The rich man lies through his lawyer—through his dependant—through his footman; lies when he makes '*civil speeches*;'—lies when he subscribes articles; lies when he goes to be married (vide Marriage Service); lies when he takes 'the oaths and his seat;'—but that the poor man should lie! that he should give a false promise!—that he should risk the direful, and unheard-of, and unparliamentary crime of political perjury! Oh, it is not to be thought of! Think of the example—think of the want of principle—think of the harm done to the poor man's 'own mind'—to his sense of right and wrong—to his eternal salvation. Nay, not that neither;—they have seldom the immodesty to go as far as that. But what enormous want of modesty to go so far as they do! Why should the poor man be expected to have scruples which the rich laugh at? Why deny him weapons which they make use of against himself?—in this respect, as in too many others, resembling their 'noble' feudal ancestors, who had the nobleness to fight in armor, while the common soldier was allowed none."

#### POPE AS REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS.

"There are abundant proofs in these letters of the best kind of sincerity, and of the most exquisite good sense. Pope's heart and purse (which he could moderately afford) were ever open to his friends, let his assertions to that effect be taken by a shallow and envious cunning in as much evidence to the contrary as it pleases. He was manifestly kind to everybody in every respect, except when they provoked his wit and self-love a little too far; and then only, or chiefly, as it affected him publicly. He had little tricks of management, we dare say; that must be an indulgence conceded to his little crazy body, and his fear of being jostled aside by robust exaction; and we will not swear that he was never disingenuous before those whom he had attacked. That may have been partly owing to his very kindness, uneasy at seeing the great pain which he had given; for his satire was bred in him by reading satire (Horace, Boileau, and others;) and it was doubtless more bent on being admired for its wit than feared for its severity, exquisitely severe though he could be, and pleased as a man of so feeble a body must have been at seeing his pen so formidable. He fondly loved his friends. We see by this book, that before he was six and twenty, he had painted Swift's portrait (for he dabbled in oil painting) three times; and he was always wishing Gay to come and live with him, doubtless at his expense. He said on one of these occasions, 'Talk not of expenses; Homer (that is, his translation) will support his children.' And when Gay was in a bad state of health, and might be thought in want of a better air, Pope told him he would go with him to the south of France; a journey which, for so infirm and habitual a homester, would have been little less, than if an invalid now-a-days should propose to go and live with his friend in South America."

#### LADY MARY MONTAGUE'S QUARREL WITH POPE.

"Pope, who seems to have made her acquaintance not long before she left England, was dazzled by the combination of rank, beauty, and accomplishments into an overwhelming passion. He became an ardent correspondent; and the moment she returned, prevailed on her to come and live near him at Twickenham. Both he and she were then



at the zenith of their reputation; and here commences the sad question, what it was that brought so much love to so much hate—*tantas animis celestibus iras*. Question, however, it is no longer, for the *Introductory Anecdotes* have settled it. To attribute it to Pope's jealousy of her wit, and to certain imbroglions about the proprietorship and publication of her *Town Eclogues*, was very idle. Pope could no more be jealous of her wit, than the sun of the moon; or, to make a less grand simile, than the bee in its garden of the butterfly taking a few sips. 'Her own statement' (and a very tremendous statement it was, for all its levity) 'was this; that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her as, in spite of her utmost endeavors to be angry and look grave, provoked an immediate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy.'

"A pause comes upon the spirit and the tongue at hearing such an explanation as this;—a pause in which no one of any imagination can help having a deep sense of the blackness of the mortification with which the poor, mis-shaped, applauded poet, must have felt his lustre smitten, and his future recollections degraded. To say that he had any right to make love to her is one thing; yet to believe that her manners, and cast of character, as well as the nature of the times, and of the circles in which she moved, had given no license, no encouragement, no pardoning hope to the presumption, is impossible; and to trample in this way upon the whole miserable body of his vanity and humility, upon all which the consciousness of acceptability and glory among his fellow-creatures had given to sustain himself, and all which in so poor, and fragile, and dwarfed, and degrading a shape, required so much to be so sustained;—assuredly it was inexcusable—it was inhuman. At all events, it would have been inexcusable, had anything in poor human nature been inexcusable; and had a thousand things not encouraged the flattered beauty to resent a hope so presumptuous from one unlike herself. But if she was astonished, as she professed to be, at his thus trespassing beyond barriers which she had continually suffered to be approached, she might have been more humane in her astonishment. A little pity might, at least, have divided the moment with contempt. It was not necessary to be quite so cruel with one so insignificant. She had address;—could she not have had recourse to a little of it, under circumstances which would have done it such special honor! She had every advantage on her side;—could not even this induce her to put a little more heart and consideration into her repulse? Oh, Lady Mary! A duke's daughter wert thou, and a beauty, and a wit, and a very triumphant and flattered personage, and covered with glory as with lustrating and diamonds; and yet false measure didst thou take of thy superiority, and didst not see how small thou becamest in the comparison when thou didst thus, with laughing cheeks, trample under foot the poor little *immortal*!"

#### FAMOUS LOCALITIES.

"I have seen various places in Europe which have been rendered interesting by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses; to have walked, and talked, and suffered, and enjoyed with them; and if their books have made the places better, the books themselves were there which made

them so, and which grew out of them. The poet's hand was on the place, blessing it. I can no more separate this idea from the spot, than I can take away from it any other beauty. Even in London I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and, of course, associated it with every common-place the most unpoetical. The greater still includes the less: and I can no more pass through Westminster, without thinking of Milton; or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakspeare; or Gray's Inn, without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square, without Steele and Akenside—than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendor of the recollection. I once had duties to perform which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighborhood in which Dryden lived; and though nothing could be more common-place, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought."

That this feeling survives in the writer still, and still finds graceful and animated expression, is known to all who read the pleasant articles on the London streets, contributed from week to week to our contemporary the *Atlas*.

#### OUTRAGE ON A BRITISH SUBJECT IN MEXICO.—

A correspondent in Mexico, whose letter is dated March 31st, sends us the following particulars of a most cowardly outrage on the person of a British merchant, residing in that city:—"One morning, as Mr. D— was riding in the neighborhood of Jalapa, he was suddenly fired upon by a party of six men at about fifteen paces distance; two of the shots took effect on his horse, and Mr. D— immediately dismounted and ran into some brushwood near the road-side; he was followed, taken, and afterwards stunned by several blows the rascals gave him on the face and head with the but-ends of their muskets. Being taken before the *Gefe Politico*, the first thing that worthy did was to have him stripped to the shirt, and on merely finding his '*Carta de Seguridad*' as a British subject, and a '*Licencia para Llevar armas*,' he set to work and kicked him well, without assigning any cause for such extraordinary and brutal treatment. Mr. D— was afterwards taken before another functionary, where a second edition of stripping, searching and kicking was in store for him, after which he was dragged to prison. Mr. R—, who was in Jalapa, on hearing this, went to the *Gefe Politico*, explained that Mr. D— was an Englishman, and demanded his release; the man said he would have him set at liberty, but did not give orders to that effect. The next day, Mr. R— went with Don Ramon Munoz, (the governor of Vera Cruz,) who told the fellow he was incurring a serious responsibility, and advised him to let Mr. D— out instantly; that evening the door was opened, and Mr. D— walked out, without any explanation or apology having been made to him. It seems he was mistaken for an American spy, and had been watched for some days, and the men who had fired on him had received orders to take him dead or alive; they preferred the former mode, not choosing to come to close quarters with an Anglo-Saxon with so small an advantage as *six to one*. Mr. R— wrote us a long letter, detailing the particulars of the affair, a copy of which we have given

